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MEMOIR

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WITH

CRITICAL NOTICES OF HIS WRITINGS.

Compiled from various Authentic Sources.

BY

DAVID VEDDER,

AUTHOR OF "ORCADIAN SKETCHES," &c.

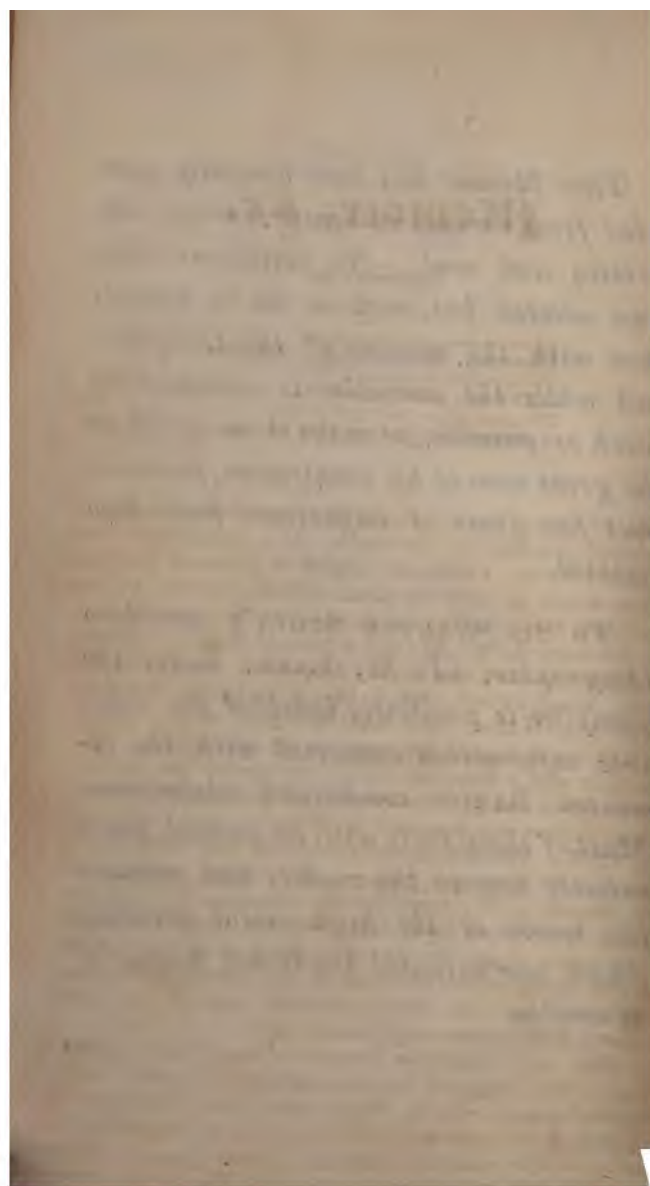
Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long, low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and unmedicable wound.—BYRON.

DUNDEE :

ARCHIBALD ALLARDICE.

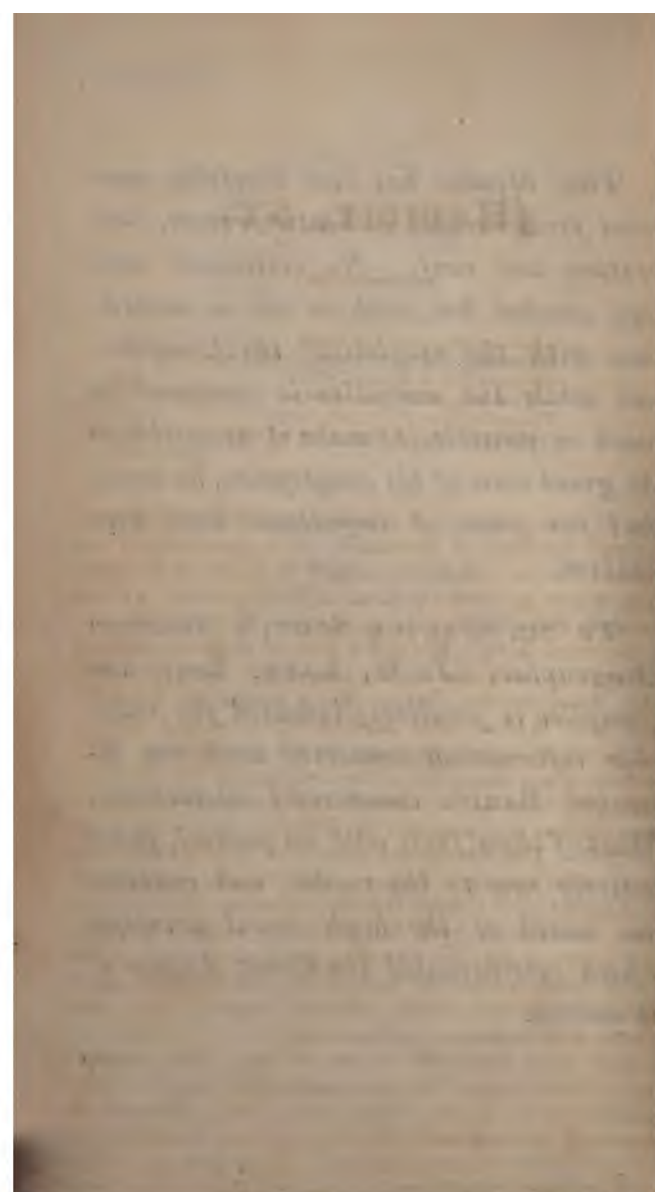
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1832.



This Memoir has been carefully compiled from various authentic sources, both written and oral. No criticisms have been selected but such as are in accordance with the opinion of the Compiler, and while the narrative is condensed as much as possible, to make it accessible to the great mass of his countrymen, he trusts that few facts of importance have been omitted.

To SIR WALTER SCOTT'S American Biographer, (J. W. LAKE, Esq.) the Compiler is peculiarly indebted for valuable information connected with the lamented BARD'S commercial misfortunes. Most of these facts will, on perusal, prove entirely new to the reader, and convince the world of the high moral principle which ever actuated the Great Author of Waverley.



Memoir, &c.

— the Muse
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom.
— That only gifted poet views,—
The genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from glory's tomb.

CAMPBELL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT descended from one of the most ancient families of Scotland. His grandfather was Robert Scott, a distant relation of Scott of Harden, from whom he held the farm of Sandyknowe, a short distance from the family residence, Mertoun House, in Berwickshire. He was a man of singular activity and energy, and was highly respected; and held, beside Sandyknowe, large sheep farms in Eskdale. His son, Walter, was bred a writer to the signet, and became highly eminent in his profession. His mother was a daughter of the celebrated Dr Rutherford, physician in Edinburgh, and his maternal great-grandfather was minister of Yarrow, and died there in 1707. The illustrious subject of this memoir was born in St George's Square, Edinburgh, on the 15th of August 1771; from the circumstance of his lameness, occasioned by a fall from his nurse's arms, at two years of age, he was in a great measure brought up at home, under the care of his excellent mother, to whom he was much attached through life, and whose loss he sincerely lamented.

His early education seems to have been exceedingly desultory,—“ It was gathered,” says a celebrated female writer, “ here and there, through all Scotland, in huts and halls; in ancient battle-fields, and at old covenanting stations; from gipsies at fairs, and Highland chieftains on their hills, from legen

dary Jacobite ladies, and grey haired Cameronian farmers; from the rudest ballad, recording the exploits of the border reaver, to the sublimity of the Hebrew Scriptures.

At a proper age he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, then under the superintendence of Dr Alexander Adam. In this school he passed through the different forms without exhibiting any of those extraordinary powers of genius which are seldom remembered till the person to whom they are ascribed has become, by the maturity of his talents, an object of distinction. It is said that he was considered in his boyhood rather heavy than otherwise, and that the late Dr Hugh Blair had discernment enough to predict his future eminence when the master of the school lamented his dulness. But this only affords another instance of the fallacy of human opinion in pronouncing upon the real capacity of the youthful understanding. Barrow, the greatest scholar of his age, was discarded as a dunce by successive teachers; and his pupil, the illustrious Newton, was declared to be fit for nothing but to drive the team, till some friends succeeded in getting him transplanted to college.

Having completed his classical studies at the High School with as much reputation, we suppose, as others of his standing Mr Scott was removed to the University of Edinburgh, where he passed the classes in a similar manner. His continuance here, however, could not have been long; for, after serving the prescribed term in the office of a writer to the signet, he was admitted an advocate at the Scottish bar, when he had scarcely attained the age of twenty-one. From this time to the year 1798, his life appears to have passed in a devoted attention to his professional duties. At this period he entered into the matrimonial state, and became the father of two sons and two daughters.

At the close of the year following he received the appointment of Sheriff-Depute of the county of Selkirk; and in March 1806 he was named one of the principal Clerks of the Court of Session.

With regard to this last preferment, it should be observed, that his warrant, though drawn, had not passed the seals when the death of Mr Pitt produce

an entire change in the Ministry. His appointment had been effected through the friendship of Lord Melville, who was then actually under impeachment. This circumstance seemed very ominous against the confirmation of the nomination; but, fortunately for Mr Scott, the new Ministry consisted of such men as Fox, Sheridan, Lord Erskine, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, with several others attached to literature and philosophy; and, in a manner that did them infinite honour, they confirmed the deed of their predecessors in office. Thus, as a friend remarked, this appointment was "the last lay of the old Ministry."

Released now from the drudgery of professional labour, by the acquisition of two lucrative situations, and the possession of a handsome estate through the death of his father and that of an uncle, Mr Scott was enabled to court the muses at his pleasure, and to indulge in a variety of literary pursuits without interruption. His first publications were translations from the German, at a time when the wildest productions of that country were much sought after in England, owing to the recent appearance of that horrible story of *Lenora* of Burger. The very year when different versions of that tale came out, and some of these highly ornamented, Mr Scott produced two German ballads in an English dress, entitled, "The Wild Huntsman," and "William and Helen."

These little pieces, however, were not originally intended for the press, being nothing more than exercises in the way of amusement, till a friend, to whom they were shown, prevailed upon the author to publish them, and at the same time contributed the preface. Three years elapsed before Mr Scott ventured to appear again in print, when he produced another translation from the German, "Goetz of Berlichingen, a tragedy, by Goethe. Two years afterwards the late Matthew Gregory (commonly called Monk) Lewis, enriched his "Tales of Wonder" with two ballads communicated to him by our author, one entitled the "Eve of Saint John," and the other "Glenfinlas."

In 1802, his first great work, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," came out, beautifully printed at Kelso, by Ballantyne. This collection immediately arrested general attention, and though the





to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and the manner of the ancient metrical romance. The author, enamoured of the lofty visions of chivalry, and partial to the strains in which they were formerly embodied, employed all the resources of his genius in endeavouring to recall them to the favour and admiration of the public, and in adapting to the taste of modern readers a species of poetry, which was once the delight of the courtly, but which has long ceased to gladden any other eyes than those of the scholar and the antiquary. This is a romance, therefore, composed by a minstrel of the present day, or such a romance as we may suppose would have been written in modern times, if that style of composition had been cultivated, and partaken, consequently, of the improvements which every branch of literature has received since the time of its desertion.

Upon this supposition, it was evidently the author's business to retain all that was good, and to reject all that was bad, in the models upon which he was to form himself; adding, at the same time, all the interest and beauty which could possibly be assimilated to the manner and spirit of his original. It was his duty, therefore, to reform the rambling, obscure, and interminable narratives of the ancient romancers,—to moderate their digressions,—to abridge or retrench their prolix or needless descriptions,—and to expunge altogether those feeble and prosaic passages, the rude stupidity of which is so apt to excite the derision of a modern reader: at the same time he was to rival, if he could, the force and vivacity of their minute and varied representations—the characteristic simplicity of their pictures of manners—the energy and conciseness with which they frequently describe great events—and the lively colouring and accurate drawing by which they give the effect of reality to every scene they undertake to delineate. In executing this arduous task, he was permitted to avail himself of all the variety of style and manner which had been sanctioned by the ancient practice, and bound to embellish his performance with all the graces of diction and versification which could be reconciled to the simplicity and familiarity of the minstrel's song.

The success which attended Mr Scott's efforts in

the execution of this adventurous essay is well known;—he produced a very beautiful and entertaining poem, in a style which might fairly be considered as original, and the public approbation afforded the most flattering evidence of the genius of the author. Perhaps, indeed, his partiality for the strains of antiquity imposed a little upon the severity of his judgment, and impaired the beauty of his imitation, by directing his attention rather to what was characteristic, than to what was unexceptionable in his original. Though he spared too many of their faults, however, he improved upon their beauties, and while it was regretted by many, that the feuds of border chieftains should have monopolized as much poetry as might have served to immortalize the whole baronage of the empire, yet it produced a stronger inclination to admire the interest and magnificence which he contrived to communicate to a subject so unpromising.

MARMION has more tedious and flat passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore, than its predecessor, but it has also a greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and, if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vehemence and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and emotion. The place of the prologuizing minstrel is but ill supplied, indeed, by the epistolary dissertations which are prefixed to each book of this poem; but there is more airiness and spirit in the lighter delineations, and the story, if not more skilfully conducted, is at least better complicated, and extended through a wider field of adventure. The characteristics of both, however, are evidently the same;—a broken narrative—a redundancy of minute description—bursts of unequal and energetic poetry—and a general tone of spirit and animation, unchecked by timidity or affectation, and unchastened by any great delicacy of taste, or elegance of fancy.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its versification, than the author's preceding poems; the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages

with much less antiquarian detail, and, upon the whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the battle in *Marmion*, or so picturesque as some of the scattered sketches in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; but there is a richness and a spirit in the *Lady of the Lake*, which does not pervade either of these poems; a profusion of incident, and a shifting brilliancy of colouring, that reminds us of the witchery of *Ariosto*, and a constant elasticity and occasional energy, which seem to be long more peculiarly to the author himself.

At this period Mr Scott had outstripped all his poetical competitors in the race of popularity. The mighty star of Byron had not yet risen; and we doubt whether any British poet had ever had so many of his books sold, or so many of his verses read and admired by such a multitude of persons, in so short a time, as Walter Scott. Confident in the force and originality of his own genius, he was not afraid to avail himself of diction and of sentiment, wherever they appeared to be beautiful and impressive, using them, however, at all times, with the skill and spirit of an inventor; and, quite certain that he could not be mistaken for a plagiarist or imitator, he made free use of that great treasury of characters, images, and expressions, which had been accumulated by the most celebrated of his predecessors; at the same time that the rapidity of his transitions, the novelty of his combinations; and the spirit and variety of his own thoughts and inventions, show plainly that he was a borrower from any thing but poverty, and took only what he could have given if he had been born in an earlier age. The great secret of his popularity at the time, and the leading characteristic of his poetry, consisted evidently in this, that he made use of more common topics, images, and expressions, than any original poet of later times; and, at the same time, displayed more genius and originality than any recent author who had hitherto worked in the same materials. By the latter peculiarity, he entitled himself to the admiration of every description of readers; by the former he came recommended in an especial manner to the inexperienced, at the hazard of some little offence to the more cultivated and fastidious.

In the choice of his subjects, for example, he did not attempt to interest merely by fine observations or pathetic sentiment, but took the assistance of a story, and enlisted the reader's curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters were all selected from the most common *dramatis personæ* of poetry—kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards, and true lovers. He never ventured to carry us into the cottage of the peasant, like Crabbe or Cowper; nor into the bosom of domestic privacy, like Campbell; nor among creatures of the imagination, like Southey or Darwin. Such personages, assuredly, are not in themselves so interesting or striking as those to which our poet devoted himself; but they are far less familiar in poetry, and are therefore more likely to engage the attention of those to whom poetry is familiar. In the management of the passions, again, he pursued the same popular and comparatively easy course. He raised all the most familiar and poetical emotions, by the most obvious aggravations, and in the most compendious and judicious way. He dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections: but he nowhere fairly kindled him into enthusiasm, or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, (unlike Byron), he wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported, and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentle man should ever feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility, which unfits for all its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that he aimed not at writing in either a pure or very common style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood; and, for this purpose, to have culled the most glittering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent who

ther he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he went boldly forward, in full reliance on a never failing abundance, and dazzled, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity. There is nothing in Scott's poetry of the severe and majestic style of Milton—or of the terse and fine composition of Pope—or of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell—or even of the flowing and redundant diction of Southey; but there is a medley of bright images set carelessly and loosely together—a diction tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare, the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry—passing from the borders of the ludicrous to those of the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes artificial, and frequently negligent, but always full of spirit and vivacity—abounding in images that are striking, at first sight, to minds of every contexture—and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend.

Among the peculiarities of Scott, as a poet, we might notice his singular talent for description, and especially for that of scenes abounding in motion or action of any kind. In this department, indeed, he may be considered almost without a rival, either among modern or ancient bards; and the character and process of his descriptions are as extraordinary as their effect is astonishing. He places before the eyes of his readers a more distinct and complete picture, perhaps, than any other artist ever presented by mere words; and yet he does not enumerate all the visible parts of the subject with any degree of minuteness, nor confine himself by any means to what is visible. The singular merit of his delineations, on the contrary, consists in this, that, with a few bold and abrupt strokes, he sketches a most spirited outline, and then instantly kindles it by the sudden light and colour of some moral affection. *There are none of his fine descriptions, accordingly, which do not derive a great part of their clearness and picturesque effect, as well as their interest, from*

the quantity of character and moral expression which is thus blended with their details, and which, so far from interrupting the conception of the external object, very powerfully stimulate the fancy of the reader to complete it; and give a grace and a spirit to the whole representation, of which we do not know where to look for a similar example. Walter Scott has many other characteristic excellencies, but we must not detain our readers any longer with this imperfect sketch of his poetical character.

To the list of poetical works given above, we have here to add two poems, at first published anonymously, but since acknowledged, viz. "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless;" and, in 1822, a dramatic sketch called "Halidon Hill." In his preface to the latter, the poet says, that his dramatic sketch is in no particular designed or calculated for the stage, and that any attempt to produce it in action will be at the peril of those who make the experiment. The truth is that, like most of the higher poetical spirits of the age, he has found out a far safer and surer way to equitable judgments and fame, than trusting to the hazardous presentment of the character he draws, by the heroes of the sock and buskin, and to the dubious and captious shouts of the pit and gallery.

That HALIDON HILL is a native, heroic, and chivalrous drama—clear, brief, and moving in its story—full of pictures, living and breathing, and impressed with the stamp of romantic and peculiar times, and expressed in language rich and felicitous, must be felt by the most obtuse intellect; yet we are not sure that its success would be great on the stage, if for the stage it had ever been designed. The beauties by which it charms and enchains attention in the closet—those bright and innumerable glimpses of past times—those frequent allusions to ancient deeds and departed heroes—the action of speech rather than of body, would be lost in the vast London theatres, where a play is wanted, adapted to the eye rather than to the head or heart. The time of action equals, it is true, the wishes of the most limited critic; the place, too, the foot of Halidon, and its barren ascent, cannot be much more ample than the space from the further side of the stage to the oppo-

regions of the gallery; and the heroes who are called forth to triumph and to die are native flesh and blood, who yet live in their descendants. It has all the claims which a dramatic poem can well have on a British audience; yet we always hoped it would escape the clutches of those who cut up quantities for the theatres.

The transfer which the poet has avowedly made of the incidents of the battle of Homildon to the Hill of Halidon, seems such a violation of authentic history, as the remarkable similarity of those two disastrous battles can never excuse. It is dangerous to attempt this violent shifting of heroic deeds. The field of Bannockburn would never tell of any other victory than the one which has rendered it renowned: History lifts up her voice against it; nor can the Hill of Homildon tell the story of the Hill of Halidon, nor that of any other battle but its own.

It will scarcely be expected that, in this rapid sketch, we should enter into a respective analysis of those works, so well known, and so universally admired, by the appellation of the "Waverley Novels." The painful circumstances which, compelled their author to disclose himself are still fresh in the recollection and the sympathy of the public: the motives, or no motives, which induced him so long and so pertinaciously to abstain from avowing himself, it is not our province to criticise, nor do we wish to make a boast of having always believed what could scarcely be ever doubted, viz. that the Great Unknown and the author of *Marmion* were "one and indivisible."

The following is a list of novels and other compositions produced by this great author in the space of nineteen years:—

Waverley, - - - - -	1814	Red Gauntlet, - - - - -	1824
Guy Mannering, - - - - -	1815	Tales of the Crusaders, - - - - -	1825
The Antiquary, - - - - -	1816	Woodstock, - - - - -	1826
Tales of My Landlord, 1st Series, - - - - -	1816	Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, - - - - -	1827
----- 2d Series, - - - - -	1818	Chronicles of Canongate, 1st Series, - - - - -	1827
Rob Roy, - - - - -	1818	----- 2d Series, - - - - -	1828
Tales of My Landlord, 3d Series, - - - - -	1819	Ann of Geirstein, - - - - -	1829
Ivanhoe, - - - - -	1820	Tales of a Grandfather, 1st Series, - - - - -	1829
The Monastery, - - - - -	1820	----- 2d Series, - - - - -	1829
The Abbot, - - - - -	1820	----- 3d Series, - - - - -	1830
Kenilworth, - - - - -	1821	Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, - - - - -	1830
The Pirate, - - - - -	1822	----- craft, - - - - -	1830
The Fortunes of Nigel, - - - - -	1823	History of Scotland, - - - - -	1830
Feveril of the Peak, - - - - -	1823	Tales of a Grandfather, 4th Series, - - - - -	1831
Sir Ronan's Well, - - - - -	1824	Tales of My Landlord, 4th Series, - - - - -	1831

It may, then, be fearlessly asserted that, since the time when Shakspeare wrote his thirty-eight plays in the brief space of his early manhood, there has been no such prodigy of literary fertility as the author of these novels. In a few brief years, he has founded a new school of invention, and embellished and endowed it with volumes of the most animated and original composition that have enriched British literature for a century—volumes that have cast into the shade all contemporary prose, and, by their force of colouring and depth of feeling, by their variety, vivacity, magical facility, and living presentment of character, have rendered conceivable to this later age the miracles of the mighty dramatist. Shakspeare is, undoubtedly, more purely original, but it must be remembered that, in his time, there was much less to borrow—and that he too has drawn freely and largely from the sources that were open to him, at least for his fable and graver sentiment; for his wit and humour, as well as his poetry, are always his own. In our times, all the higher walks of literature have been so long and so often trodden, that it is scarcely possible to keep out of the footsteps of some of our precursors; and the ancients, it is well known, have anticipated all our bright thoughts, and not only visibly beset all the obvious approaches to glory, but swarm in such ambushed multitudes behind, that when we think we have gone fairly beyond their plagiarisms, and honestly worked out an original excellence of our own, up starts some deep-read antiquary, and makes out, much to his own satisfaction, that, heaven knows how, many of these busy-bodies have been beforehand with us, both in the *genus* and the species of our invention.

Although Sir Walter Scott is certainly in less danger from such detections than any other we have ever met with, even in him the traces of imitation are obvious and abundant; and it is impossible, therefore, to give him the same credit for absolute originality as those earlier writers, who, having no successful author to imitate, were obliged to copy directly from nature. In naming him along with Shakspeare, we mean still less to say, that he is to be put on a level with him, as to the richness and sweetness of his fancy, or that living vein of pure and lofty

poetry which flows with such abundance through every part of his composition. On that level no other writer has ever stood, or will ever stand; though we do think that there are fancy and poetry enough in the Waverley Novels, if not to justify the comparison we have ventured to suggest, at least to save it from being altogether ridiculous. The variety stands out in the face of each of them, and the facility is attested, as in the case of Shakspeare himself, both by the inimitable freedom and happy carelessness of the style in which they are executed, and by the matchless rapidity with which they have been lavished on the public.

We must now, however, for the sake of keeping our chronology in order, be permitted to say a word or two on the most popular of these works.

The earlier novelists wrote at periods when society was not perfectly formed, and we find that their picture of life was an embodying of their own conceptions of the beau ideal. Heroes all generosity, and ladies all chastity, exalted above the vulgarities of society and nature, maintain, through eternal folios, their visionary virtues, without the stain of any moral frailty, or the degradation of any human necessities. But this high-flown style went out of fashion as the great mass of mankind became more informed of each other's feelings and concerns, and as nearer observation taught them that the real course of human life is a conflict of duty and desire, of virtue and passion, of right and wrong; in the description of which it is difficult to say whether uniform virtue, or unredeemed vice, would be in the greater degree tedious and absurd.

The novelists next endeavoured to exhibit a general view of society. The characters of Gil Blas and Tom Jones are not individuals so much as specimens of the human race; and these delightful works have been, are, and ever will be, popular; because they present lively and accurate delineations of the workings of the human soul, and that every man who reads them is obliged to confess to himself, that, in similar circumstances with the personages of Le Sage and Fielding, he would probably have acted in the way in which they are described to have done.

From this species the transition to a third was na-

tural. The first class was theory—it was improved into a genuine description, and that again led the way to a more particular classification—a copying not of man in general, but of men of a peculiar nation, profession, or temper, or to go a step further—of individuals.

Thus Alexander and Cyrus could never have existed in human society—they are neither French nor English, nor Italian, because it is only allegorically that they are men. Tom Jones might have been a Frenchman, and Gil Blas an Englishman, because the essence of their characters in human nature, and the personal situation of the individual, are almost indifferent to the success of the object which the author proposed to himself; while, on the other hand, the characters of the most popular novels of later times are Irish, or Scotch, or French, and not, in the abstract, men. The general operations of nature are circumscribed to her effects on an individual character, and the modern nobles of this class, compared with the broad and noble style of the earlier writers, may be considered as Dutch pictures, delightful in their vivid and minute details of common life, wonderfully entertaining to the close observer of peculiarities, and highly creditable to the accuracy, observation, and humour of the painter, but exciting none of those more exalted feelings, and giving none of those higher views of the human soul, which delight and exalt the mind of the spectator of Raphael, Corregio, or Murillo.

The object of *Waverley* was evidently to present a faithful and animated picture of the manners and state of society that prevailed in the northern part of the island in the earlier part of last century; and the author judiciously fixed upon the era of the Rebellion in 1745, not only as enriching his pages with the interest inseparably attached to the narration of such occurrences, but as affording a fair opportunity for bringing out all the contrasted principles and habits which distinguished the different classes of persons who then divided the country, and formed among themselves the basis of almost all that was peculiar in the national character. That unfortunate contention brought conspicuously to light, and for the last time, the fading image of feudal chivalry in

the mountains, and vulgar fanaticism in the plains; and startled the more polished parts of the land with the wild but brilliant picture of the elevated valour, incorruptible fidelity, patriarchal brotherhood, and savage habits, of the Celtic clans on the one hand,—and the dark, untractable, and domineering bigotry of the covenanters on the other. Both forms of society had indeed been prevalent in the other parts of the country, but had there been so long superseded by more peaceable habits, and milder manners, that their vestiges were almost effaced, and their very memory nearly forgotten.

The feudal principalities had been extinguished in the South for near three hundred years, and the dominion of the puritans from the time of the Restoration. When the glens of the central Highlands, therefore, were opened up to the gaze of the English, it seemed as if they were carried back to the days of the Heptarchy; when they saw the array of the West Country whigs, they might imagine themselves transported to the age of Cromwell. The effect, indeed, is almost as startling at the present moment; and one great source of the interest which the novel of *Waverley* possesses is to be sought in the surprise that is excited by discovering, that in our own country, and almost in our own age, manners and characters existed, and were conspicuous, which we had been accustomed to consider as belonging to remote antiquity, or extravagant romance.

The way in which they are here represented must at once have satisfied every reader, by an internal *tact* and conviction, that the delineation had been made from actual experience and observation,—experienced observation employed perhaps only on a few surviving relics and specimens of what was familiar a little earlier, but generalized from instances sufficiently numerous and complete, to warrant all that may have been added to the portrait.

The great traits of clannish dependence, pride, and fidelity, may still be detected in many districts of the Highlands, though they do not now adhere to the chieftains when they mingle in general society; and the existing contentions of Burghers and Anti-burghers, and Cameronians, though shrunk into comparative insignificance, and left indeed without pro-

tection to the ridicule of the profane, may still be referred to as complete verifications of all that is here stated about Gifted Gilfillan, or Ebenezer Cruickshanks. The traits of Scottish national character in the lower ranks can still less be regarded as antiquated or traditional; nor is there any thing in the whole compass of the work which gives us a stronger impression of the nice observation and graphical talents of Sir Walter, than the extraordinary fidelity and felicity with which all the inferior agents in the story are represented. No one who has not lived long among the lower orders of all descriptions, and made himself familiar with their various tempers and dialects, can perceive the full merit of those rapid and characteristic sketches; but it requires only a general knowledge of human nature, to feel that they must be faithful copies from known originals; and to be aware of the extraordinary facility and flexibility of hand which has touched, for instance, with such discriminating shades, the various gradations of the Celtic character, from the savage imperturbability of Dugald Mahony, who stalks grimly about with his battle-axe on his shoulder, without speaking a word to any body, to the lively unprincipled activity of Callum Beg, the coarse unreflecting hardihood and heroism of Evan Maccombich, and the pride, gallantry, elegance, and ambition of Fergus himself. In the lower class of the lowland characters, again, the vulgarity of Mrs Flockhart and of Lieutenant Jinker is perfectly distinct and original, as well as the puritanism of Gilfillan and Cruickshanks, the depravity of Mrs Mucklewrath, and the slow solemnity of Alexander Saunderson. The Baron of Bradwardine, and Baillie Macwheeble, are caricatures no doubt, after the fashion of the caricatures in the novels of Smollett,—unique and extraordinary; but almost all the other personages in the history are fair representations of classes that are still existing, or may be remembered at least to have existed, by many whose recollections do not extend quite so far back as the year 1745.

The successful reception of *Waverley* was owing not only to the author's being a man of genius, but that he had also virtue enough to be true to nature throughout, and to content himself, even in the mar-

vellous parts of his story, with copying from actual existences, rather than from the phantasms of his own imagination. The charm which this communicates to all works that deal in the representation of human actions and characters is more readily felt than understood, and operates with unfailing efficacy even upon those who have no acquaintance with the originals from which the picture has been borrowed. It requires no ordinary talent, indeed, to choose such realities as may outshine the bright imaginations of the inventive, and so to combine them as to produce the most advantageous effect; but when this is once accomplished, the result is sure to be something more firm, impressive, and engaging, than can ever be produced by mere fiction. There is a consistency in nature and truth, the want of which may always be detected in the happiest combinations of fancy; and the consciousness of their support gives a confidence and assurance to the artist, which encourages him occasionally to risk a strength of colouring, and a boldness of touch, upon which he would scarcely have ventured in a sketch that was purely ideal. The reader, too, who by these or still finer indications, speedily comes to perceive that he is engaged with scenes and characters that are copied from existing originals, naturally lends a more eager attention to the story in which they are unfolded, and regards with a keener interest what he no longer considers as a bewildering series of dreams and exaggerations, but as an instructive exposition of human actions and energies, and of all the singular modifications which our plastic nature receives from the circumstances with which it is surrounded.

Although GUY MANNERING is a production far below Waverley, it is still a work of considerable merit. Its inferiority to Waverley is, however, very decided, not only as to general effect, but in every individual topic of interest. The story is less probable, and is carried on with much machinery and effort; the incidents are less natural; the characters are less distinctly painted, and less worth painting; in short, the whole tone of the book is pitched in an *inferior key*.

The gratuitous introduction of supernatural agency in some parts of this novel is certainly to be disap-

proved of. Even Shakspeare, who has been called the mighty magician, was never guilty of this mistake. His magic was employed in fairy-land, as in the *Tempest*; and his ghosts and goblins in dark ages, as in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. When he introduces a witch in *Henry VI.*, it is because, historically, his representation was true; when he exhibits the perturbed dreams of a murderer, in *Richard III.*, it is because his representation was morally probable; but he never thought of making these fancies actual agents in an historical scene. There are no ghosts in *Henry VIII.*, and no witches in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, (except the merry ladies;) and when, in one of his comedies, he chooses to wander out of nature, he modestly calls his drama a dream, and mixes up fairies, witches, mythology, and common life, as a brilliant extravaganza, which affects no historical nor even possible truth, and which pretends to represent neither actual nor possible nature. Not so *Guy Mannering*; it brings down witchery and supernatural agency into our own times, not to be laughed at by the better informed, or credited by the vulgar; but as an active, effective, and real part of his machinery. It treats the supernatural agency not as a superstition, but as a truth; and the result is brought about, not by the imaginations of men deluded by a fiction, but by the actual operation of a miracle, contrary to the opinion and belief of all the parties concerned.

The *ANTIQUARY* is not free from this blame; there are two or three marvellous dreams and apparitions, upon which the author probably intended to ground some important part of his *denouement*; but his taste luckily took fright; the apparitions do not contribute to the catastrophe, and they now appear in the work as marks rather of the author's own predilection to such agency, than as any assistance to him in the way of machinery.

The *HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN* is remarkable for containing fewer characters, and less variety of incident, than any of Sir Walter's former productions;—and it is accordingly, in some places, comparatively languid. The Porteous mob is rather heavily described; and the whole part of George Robertson, or Staunton, is extravagant or unpleasant. The final catastrophe, too, is needlessly improbable and startling; and both Saddle-tree and Davie

Deans become at last rather tedious and unreasonable; while we miss, throughout, the character of the generous and kind-hearted rustic, which, in one form or another, gives such spirit and interest to the former stories. But with all these defects, the work has both beauty and power enough to vindicate its title to a legitimate descent from its mighty father—and even to a place in “the valued file” of his productions. The trial and condemnation of Effie Deans are pathetic and beautiful in the very highest degree; and the scenes with the Duke of Argyle are equally full of spirit, and strangely compounded of perfect knowledge of life, and strong and deep feeling. But the great boast of the piece, and the great exploit of the author, is the character and history of Jeanie Deans, from the time she first reproves her sister’s flirtations at St. Leonard’s till she settles in the manse in Argyleshire. The singular talent with which he has engrafted on the humble and somewhat coarse stock of a quiet and unassuming peasant girl, the powerful affection, the strong sense, and lofty purposes, which distinguish the heroine—or rather the art with which he has so tempered and modified those great qualities, as to make them appear nowise unsuitable to the station or ordinary bearing of such a person, and so ordered and disposed the incidents by which they are called out, that they seem throughout adapted, and native, as it were, to her condition, is superior to any thing we can recollect in the history of invention; and must appear to any one, who attentively considers it, as a remarkable triumph over the greatest of all difficulties, in the conduct of a fictitious narrative. Jeanie Deans, in the course of her adventurous undertaking, excites our admiration and sympathy more powerfully than most heroines, and is in the highest degree both pathetic and sublime;—and yet she never says or does any thing that the daughter of a Scotch cowfeeder might not be supposed to say or to do—and scarcely any thing indeed that is not characteristic of her rank and habitual occupations. She is never sentimental, nor refined, nor elegant, and though always acting in very difficult situations, with the greatest judgment and propriety, never seems to exert more than that downright and obvious good sense which is so often found to rule the conduct of persons in *her condition*. This is the great ornament and charm *of the work*. Dumbiedikes is, however, an admirable *character* in the grotesque way;—and the captain of Knock is not only a very spirited but also a very accurate

sensation of a Celtic deputy. There is less description of scenery, and less sympathy in external nature in this, than in any of the other tales.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR is more sketchy and romantic than the *usual vein* of the author—and loses, perhaps, in the exaggeration that is incident to the style, some of the deep and heartfelt interest that belongs to more familiar situations. The humours of Caleb Balderstone are, to our taste, the least successful of this author's attempts at pleasantry,—and belong rather to the school of French or Italian buffoonery than to that of English humour;—and yet, to give scope to these farcical exhibitions, the poverty of the master of Ravenswood is exaggerated beyond all credibility, and to the injury even of his personal dignity. Sir William Ashton is tedious; and Bucklaw and his captain, though excellently drawn, take up rather too much room for subordinate agents. There are splendid things, however, in this work also. The picture of old Ailie is exquisite—and beyond the reach of any other living writer. The hags that convene in the church-yard have all the terror and sublimity, and more than the natura of Macbeth's witches; and the courtship at the Mermaiden's well, as well as some of the immediately preceding scenes, are full of dignity and beauty. The catastrophe of the bride, though it may be founded on fact, is too horrible for fiction. But that of Ravenswood is magnificent—and, taken along with the prediction which it was doomed to fulfil, and the mourning and death of Balderstone, is one of the finest combinations of superstition and sadness, which the gloomy genius of our fiction ever put together.

THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE is also of the nature of a sketch or fragment, and is still more vigorous than its companion. There is too much, perhaps, of Dalgetty—or, rather, he engrosses too great a proportion of the work; for, in himself, we think he is uniformly entertaining;—and the author has nowhere shown more affinity to that matchless spirit, who could bring out his Falstaffs and his Pistols, in act after act, and play after play, and exercise them every time with scenes of unbounded loquacity, without either exhausting their humour, or varying a note from its characteristic tone, than in his ample and reiterated specimens of the eloquence of the redoubled Rittmaster. The general idea of the character is familiar to our comic dramatists after the restoration—and may be said, in some measure, to be compounded of captain

Fluellen and Bobadil;—but the ludicrous combination of the *soldado* with the student of Mareschal College entirely original; and the mixture of talent, selfishness, courage, coarseness, and conceit, was never so happily exemplified. Numerous as his speeches are, there is not one that is not characteristic—and, to our taste, divertingly ludicrous.—Annot Lyle, and the Children of the Mist, are in a very different manner, and are full of genius and poetry. The whole of the scenes at Argyle's castle, and in the escape from it—though trespassing too far beyond the bounds of probability—are given with great spirit and effect; and the mixture of romantic incident and situation, with the tone of actual business, and the real transactions of a camp, give a life and interest to the warlike part of the story, which belong to the fictions of no other hand.

From the Tales of My Landlord we must pass rapidly over to the beautiful romance of IVANHOE, the story of which is entirely English, and the time laid as far back as the reign of Richard I. the Saxons and Normans of which age are less known to us than the Highlanders and Cameronians of the present. This was the great difficulty the author had to contend with, and the great disadvantage of the subject with which he had to deal. Nobody now alive can have a very clear conception of the actual way of life, and *manière d'être* of our ancestors in the year 1194. Some of the more prominent outlines of their chivalry, their priesthood, and their villanage, may be known to antiquaries, or even to general readers; but all the filling up and details, which alone can give body and life to the picture, have been long since effaced by time. We have scarcely any notion, in short, of the private life and conversation of any class of persons in that remote period; and, in fact, know less how the men and women occupied and amused themselves—what they talked about—how they looked—or what they actually thought or felt, at that time in England, than we know of what they did or thought at Rome in the time of Augustus, or at Athens in the time of Pericles. The memorials and relics of those earlier ages and remoter nations are greatly more abundant and more familiar to us than those of our ancestors at the distance of seven centuries. Besides ample histories and copious orations, we have plays, poems, and familiar letters of the former period; while of the latter we have only some vague chronicles, superstitious legends, and a few fragments of foreign romance. We scarcely know indeed what language was then either

spoken or written. Yet, with all these helps, how cold and conjectural a thing would a novel be, of which the scene was laid in ancient Rome! The author might talk with perfect propriety of the beauties of the Forum, and the arrangements of the Circus—of the baths and the suppers, and the canvass for office, and the sacrifices, and musters, and assemblies. He might be quite correct as to the dress, furniture, and utensils he had occasion to mention; and might even embody in his work various anecdotes and sayings preserved in contemporary authors. But when he came to represent the details of individual character and feeling, and to delineate the daily conduct, and report the ordinary conversation of his persons, he would find himself either frozen in among barren generalities, or engaged with modern Englishmen in the masquerade habits of antiquity.

In stating these difficulties, however, we really mean less to account for the defects, than to enhance the merits of the work we are treating of. For though the author has not worked impossibilities, he has done wonders with his subject; and though we do sometimes miss those fresh and living pictures of the characters which we know, and the nature with which we are familiar, and that high and deep interest which the home scenes of our own times and own people, could alone generate or sustain, it is impossible to deny that he has made marvellous good use of the scanty materials he had at his disposal, and eked them out both by the greatest skill and dexterity in their arrangement, and by all the resources that original genius could render subservient to such a design. For this purpose he has laid his scene in a period when the rivalry of the victorious Normans and the conquered Saxons had not been finally composed; and when the courtly petulance and chivalrous and military pride of the one race might yet be set in splendid opposition to the manly steadiness and honest but homely simplicity of the other; and has, at the same time, given an air both of dignity and reality to his story, by bringing in the personal prowess of Cœur de Lion himself, and other personages of historical fame, to assist in its development. Though reduced in a great measure of the vulgar staple of armed knights, and jolly friars and woodmen, imprisoned damsels, lawless barons, collared serfs, and household fools, he has made such use of his great talents for description, and invested those traditional and theatrical persons with so much of the feelings that are of all ages and all countries, that we frequent

ly cease to regard them (as it is generally right to regard them) as parts of a fantastical pageant, and are often brought to consider the knights who joust in panoply in the lists, and the foresters who shoot deer with arrows, and plunder travellers in the woods, as real individuals, with hearts and blood beating in their bosoms like our own—actual existences, in short, into whose views we may reasonably enter, and with whose emotions we are bound to sympathise. To all this he has added, out of the prodigality of his high and inventive genius, the grace and the interest of some lofty, and sweet, and superhuman characters, for which, though evidently fictitious, and unnatural in any stage of society, the remoteness of the scene on which they are introduced may serve as an apology, if they could need any other than what they bring along with them in their own sublimity and beauty.

In comparing this work then with the productions which had already proceeded from the same master-hand, it is impossible not to feel that we are passing in some degree from the reign of nature and reality to that of fancy and romance, and exchanging for scenes of wonder and curiosity those more homefelt sympathies, and deeper touches of delight, that can only be excited by the people among whom we live, and the objects that are constantly around us. A far greater proportion of the work is accordingly made up of splendid descriptions of arms and dresses, moated and massive castles, tournaments of mailed champions, solemn feasts, formal courtesies, and other matters of external and visible presentment, that are only entitled to such distinction as connected with the olden times, and novel by virtue of their antiquity; while the interest of the story is maintained far more by surprising adventures and extraordinary situations, the startling effect of exaggerated sentiments, and the strong contrast of overdrawn characters, than by the sober charms of truth and reality, the exquisite representation of scenes with which we are familiar, or the skilful development of affections which we have often experienced.

These bright lights and deep shadows—this succession of brilliant pictures, addressed as often to the eyes as to the imagination, and oftener to the imagination than the heart—this preference of striking generalities to homely details, all belong more properly to the province of poetry than of prose; and *Ivanhoe*, accordingly, seems to us much more akin to the most splendid of modern poems, than the most interesting of modern novels; and savours

much more of the author of *Marmion*, or the *Lady of the Lake*, than of *Waverley* or *Old Mortality*.

Without disputing the general verdict, which places the *MONASTERY* below the rest of our author's works, we shall endeavour to ascertain the grounds on which it may be supposed to be founded. We believe the principal deficiency lies in, what is usually our author's principal excellence, the female characters. In general, his men add to the boldness and animation of the scene, but his women support almost all its interest. Perhaps this must always be the case where both are equally well drawn. We sympathize more readily with simple than with compound feelings; and therefore less easily with those characters, the different ingredients of which have, by mutual subservience, been moulded into one uniform mass, than with those in which they stand unmixed and contrasted. Courage restrained by caution, and liberality by prudence, loyalty, with a view only to the ultimate utility of power, and love, never forgetting itself in its object, are the attributes of men. Their purposes are formed on a general balance of compensating motives, and pursued only while their means appear not totally inadequate. The greater susceptibility, which is always the charm, and sometimes the misfortune, of women, deprives them of the same accurate view of the proportion of different objects. The one upon which they are intent, whether it be a lover, a parent, a husband, a child, a king, a preacher, a ball, or a bonnet, swallows up the rest. Hence the enthusiasm of their loyalty, the devotedness of their affection, the abandonment of self, and the general vehemence of emotion, which, in fiction as well as in reality, operate contagiously on our feelings. But our author has, in the *Monastery*, neglected the power of representing the female character, which he possesses so eminently, and, in general, uses so liberally. The heroine is milk and water, or any thing still more insipid. Dame Glendinning and Tibbie are the common furniture of a farm-house; and Mysie Happer and poor Catherine, though beautiful, are mere sketches.

But the great merit of the *Monastery* is, that it is a foundation for the *ABBOT*. This not only relieves, in a great measure, the reader from the slow detail, or the perplexing retracings and *éclaircissemens* which detain or interrupt him in a narrative that is purely fictitious; but is an improvement on some of the peculiar advantages of one that is historical. In the latter, the hard and meagre

outline of his previous knowledge seldom contains more than the names and mutual relations of the principal personages, and what they had previously done, with very little of what they had previously felt. But where one fiction is founded on another, we are introduced not merely to persons who are notorious to us, but to old acquaintances and friends. The knight of Avenel, the abbot Ambrosius, and the gardener Blinkhoolie, are the Halbert, and Edward, and Boniface, into whose early associations and secret feelings we had been admitted. We meet them as we meet, in real life, with those whom we have known in long-past times, and in different situations, and are interested in tracing, sometimes the resemblance, and sometimes the contrast, between has past and what is present; in observing the effect of new circumstances, in modifying or confirming their old feelings, or in eliciting others which before lay unperceived. We view with interest the fiery freedom of Halbert's youth ripened into the steady and stern composure of the approved soldier and skilful politician; and when, as knight of Avenel, he sighs for birth and name, we recognize the feelings that drove him from the obscure security of a church vassal, to seek with his sword the means of ranking with those proud men who despised his clownish poverty. And when Ambrose acknowledges that, bent as he is by affliction, he has not forgotten the effect of beauty on the heart of youth—that even in the watches of the night, broken by the thoughts of an imprisoned queen, a distracted kingdom, a church laid waste and ruinous, come other thoughts than these suggest, and other feelings that belong to an earlier and happier course of life; a single allusion sends us back through the whole intervening time, and we see him again in the deep window-recess of Glendearg, and Mary's looks of simple yet earnest anxiety, watching for his assistance in their childish studies. The allusion would have been pretty, but how inferior if Ambrose had been a new character, and we had been forced to account for it by some vague theory as to his former history. The Abbot has, however, far greater advantages over its predecessor than those, great as they are, that arise from their relative situation. We escape from the dull tower of Glendearg, with its narrow valley and homely inmates, to Edinburgh, and Holyrood House, and Loch-leven Castle, and the field of Langside, and to high dames and mighty earls, and exchange the obscure squabbling of the hamlet and the convent for events where the passions of individuals

decided the fate of kingdoms, and, above all, we exchange unintelligible fairyism for human actors and human feelings.

It is true there is a sorceress on the stage, but one endowed with powers far greater for evil or for good than the White Lady. History has never described, or fiction invented, a character more truly tragic than Queen Mary. The most fruitful imagination could not have adorned her with more accomplishments, or exposed her to greater extremes of fortune, or alternated them with greater rapidity. And the mystery which, after after all the exertions of her friends and enemies, still rests on her conduct, and which our author has most skilfully left as dark as he found it, prevents our being either shocked or unmoved by her final calamities. The former would have been the case, if her innocence could have been established. We could not have borne to see such a being plunged, by a false accusation, from such happiness into such misery. The latter would have followed, if she could have been proved to be guilty. Her sufferings, bitter as they were, were less unmixed than those of Bothwell. He too endured a long imprisonment, but it was in a desolate climate, without the alleviations which even Elizabeth allowed to her rival, without the hope of escape, or the sympathy of devoted attendants: such was his misery, that his reason sunk under it. And though his sufferings were greater than those of his accomplice, if such she were, his crime was less. He had not to break the same restraints of intimate connexion and of sex. But nobody could read a tragedy of which his misfortunes formed the substance; because we are sure of his guilt, they will excite no interest. While we continue to doubt hers, Mary's will be intensely affecting.

Though KENILWORTH ranks high among our author's works, we think it inferior, as a whole, to his other tragedies, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the historical part of *Waverley*, and the *Abbot*, both in materials and in execution.

Amy Robsart and Elizabeth occupy nearly the same space upon the canvas as Catherine Seyton and Mary.—But almost all the points of interest, which are divided between Amy and Elizabeth, historical recollections, beauty, talents, attractive virtues and unhappy errors, exalted rank and deep misfortune, are accumulated in Mary; and we want altogether that union of the lofty and the elegant, of enthusiasm and playfulness, which enchanted us

Catherine. Amy is a beautiful specimen of that class which long ago furnished Desdemona : the basis of whose character is conjugal love, whose charm consists in its purity and its devotedness, whose fault springs from its undue prevalence over filial duty, and whose sufferings are occasioned by the perverted passions of him who is the object of it. Elizabeth owes almost all her interest to our early associations, and to her marvellous combination of the male and female dispositions, in those points in which they seem most incompatible. The representation of such a character loses much of its interest in history, and would be intolerable in pure fiction. In the former, its peculiarities are softened down by the distance, and Elizabeth appears a fine, but not an uncommon object—a great, unamiable sovereign ; and the same peculiarities, shown up by the microscopic exaggeration of fiction, would, if judged only by the rules of fiction, offend as unnatural ; but supported by the authority of history, would be most striking. A portrait might be drawn of Elizabeth, uniting the magnanimous courage, the persevering but governable anger, the power of weighing distant against immediate advantages, and the brilliant against the useful, and of subjecting all surrounding minds, even the most manly, to her influence, with the most craving vanity, the most irritable jealousy, the meanest duplicity, and the most capricious and unrelenting spite, that ever degraded the silliest and most hateful of her sex.

Sir Walter has not, we think, made the most of his opportunities. He has complied with the laws of poetical consistency, without recollecting that, in this instance, the notoriety of Elizabeth's history warranted their violation. Instead of pushing to the utmost the opposing qualities that formed her character, he has softened even the incidents that he has directly borrowed. When Leicester knelt before her at Kenilworth, ere she raised him she passed her hand over his head, so near as almost to touch his long curled and perfumed hair, and with a movement of fondness that seemed to intimate she would, if she dared, have made the motion a slight caress. Listen to Sir James Melvil's account of the occurrence.

"I was required to stay till he was made earl of Leicester, which was done at Westminster, the queen herself *helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting upon his knees (kneeling) before her with great gravity ; but she could not refrain from putting her hands into his neck, smilingly tickling him, the French ambassador and I standing by.*

Then she turned, asking me how I liked him?" Again, when she discovers Leicester's conduct, in which every cause of personal irritation is most skilfully accumulated, she punishes him only by a quarter of an hour's restraint under the custody of the earl-marshal.

When, at a later period, and under circumstances of much less aggravation, she detected his marriage with lady Essex, she actually imprisoned him. Our author has not ventured on the full vehemence of her affection or her rage. But, after all, his picture of the lion-hearted queen, though it might perhaps have been improved by the admission of stronger contrasts, is so vivid, and so magnificent, that we can hardly wish it other than it is.

The *PIRATE* is a bold attempt to make out a long and eventful story, from a very narrow circle of society, and a scene so circumscribed as scarcely to admit of any great scope or variety of action; and its failure, in a certain degree, must in fairness be ascribed chiefly to this scantiness and defect of the materials.

The *FORTUNES OF NIGEL* is of an historical character, and an attempt to describe and illustrate by examples the manners of the court, and, generally speaking, of the age of James I. of England.

Without asserting the high excellence of *SAINT ROMAN'S WELL*, we may venture to affirm that it does not deserve the contempt with which it has been treated by some critics. The story, indeed, is not very probable, and there are various inconsistencies in the plot; the characters, though apparently intended to be completely modern, are in some instances more suitable to the last generation; the hero's portrait is feebly drawn: the moral tone of the work is less correct and legitimate than that which pervades our author's preceding productions, and the impulses of feeling and humanity are less natural and forcible; but it is still a work which bears the marks of a master's hand, the interest is well sustained, the incidents are related with spirit, many of the dialogues are lively and pleasant, and not only the characters of the heroine, but also those of the landlady of Touchwood, are drawn with a discriminating and powerful pencil.

In the historical novels of *REDGAUNTLET*, *QUENTIN DURWARD*, and *WOODSTOCK*, the author displays a truly graphic power in the delineation of characters, which he sketches with an ease, and colours with a brilliancy, and scatters about with a profusion, which but few writers, in any age, have been able to accomplish. With spells

magic potency, and with the creations of a rich and varied fancy, so skillfully has he stolen us from ourselves, with such exquisite cunning has he extracted a kind of poetry from the common incidents of life, with such an extent of legendary knowledge, he has displayed so wonderful an aptitude in drawing from historic research those minute traits of manners and modifications in social life, which, by reason of the wide range which he traverses, and the rapidity with which it moves along, are in history too general and indistinct; that it would be worse than affectation to stand aloof from the general feeling, and to refuse our humble proportion of those "golden opinions he has bought from all sorts of men," and which have fixed him in so high a rank in the literature of his country.

The TALES of the CRUSADERS have not been received with that enthusiasm of delight which greeted some of our author's former productions; yet they undoubtedly possess considerable merit, and amidst much that is feeble, uninteresting, and absurd, bear evident marks of sense and talent.

To sum up our observations on the *Waverley Novels*, in a few words, we think their author has succeeded by far the best in the representation of rustic and homely characters, and not in the ludicrous or contemptuous representation of them—but by making them at once more natural and more interesting than they had ever been made before in any work of fiction; by showing them, not as clowns to be laughed at, or wretches to be pitied and despised,—but as human creatures, with as many pleasures, and fewer cares, than their superiors—with affections not only as strong, but often as delicate, as those whose language is smoother—and with a vein of humour, a force of sagacity, and very frequently an elevation of fancy as high and as natural as can be met with among more cultivated beings. The great merit of all these delineations is their admirable truth and fidelity, the whole manner and cast of the characters being accurately moulded to their condition; and the finer attributes, so blended and harmonized with the native rudeness and simplicity of their life and occupations, that they are made interesting and even noble beings, *without the least particle of foppery or exaggeration, and delight and amuse us, without trespassing at all on the province of pastoral or romance.*

Next to these, we think, he has found his happiest subjects; or at least displayed his greatest powers, in the delineation of the grand and gloomy aspects of nature, and of the dark and fierce passions of the heart. The natural gaiety of his temper does not, indeed, allow him to dwell long on such themes; but the sketches he occasionally introduces are executed with admirable force and spirit, and give a strong impression both of the vigour of his imagination and the variety of his talent. It is only in the third rank that we would place his pictures of chivalry and chivalrous character, his traits of gallantry, nobleness, and honour, and that bewitching assemblage of gay and gentle manners, with generosity, candour, and courage, which has long been familiar enough to readers and writers of novels, but has never before been represented with such an air of truth, and so much ease and happiness of execution.

Among his faults and failures, we must give the first place to his descriptions of virtuous young ladies, and his representations of the ordinary business of courtship and conversation in polished life. We admit that those things, as they are commonly conducted, are apt to be a little insipid to a mere critical spectator,—and that while they consequently require more heightening than strange adventures or grotesque persons, they admit less of exaggeration or ambitious ornament; yet we cannot think it necessary that they should be altogether so lame and mawkish as we generally find them in the hands of this spirited writer, whose powers really seem to require some stronger stimulus to bring them into action, than can be supplied by the flat realities of a peaceful and ordinary existence. His love of the ludicrous, it must also be observed, often betrays him into forced and vulgar exaggerations, and into the repetition of common and paltry stories; though it is but fair to add, that he does not detain us long with them, and makes amends, by the copiousness of his assortment, for the indifferent quality of some of the specimens. It is another consequence of this extreme abundance in which he revels and riots, and of the fertility of the imagination from which it is supplied, that he is at all times a little apt to overdo even those things which he does best. His most striking and highly

coloured characters appear rather too often, and go on rather too long. It is astonishing, indeed, with what spirit they are supported, and how fresh and animated they are to the very last; but still there is something too much of them, and they would be more waited for and welcomed, if they were not quite so lavish of their presence. It was reserved for Shakspeare alone to leave all his characters as new and unworn as he found them, and to carry Falstaff through the business of three several plays, and leave us as greedy of his sayings as at the moment of his first introduction. It is no light praise to the author before us, that he has sometimes reminded us of this, and, as we have before observed, of other inimitable excellencies in that most gifted of all inventors.

He is above all things national and Scottish, and never seems to feel the powers of a *giant* except when he touches his native soil. His countrymen, alone, therefore, can have a full sense of his merits, or a perfect relish of his excellencies; and those only, indeed, of them, who have mingled, as he has done, pretty freely with the lower orders, and made themselves familiar not only with their language, but with the habits and traits of character of which it then only becomes expressive. It is one thing to understand the meaning of words, as they are explained by other words in a glossary or dictionary, and another to know their value, as expressive of certain feelings and humours in the speakers to whom they are native, and as signs both of temper and condition among those who are familiar with their import.

We shall make no apology to our readers for introducing here, the following animated delineation of the author of *Waverley*, from the pen of an acute critic.

"Sir Walter," says this writer, "has found out that facts are better than fiction; that there is no romance like the romance of real life; and that can we but arrive at what men feel, do, and say, in striking and singular situations, the result will be more lively, audible, and full of vent, than the fine-spun cobwebs of the brain. Our author has conjured up *the actual people* he has to deal with, or as much as *he could get of them*, in 'their habits as they lived.' *He has ransacked old chronicles*, and poured the con-

tents upon his page; he has squeezed out musty records, he has consulted way-fairing pilgrims, bed-ridden sibyls; he has invoked the spirits of the air; he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story in their own way; and by borrowing of others, has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth, and freedom. He has taken his materials from the original, authentic sources, in large concrete masses, and has not tampered with, or too much frittered them away. He is the only amanuensis of truth and history. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could describe how fine nature is. All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon, (wide as the scope is,) the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery, lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurtling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character, or fanciful belief, come thronging back upon the imagination. We will merely recal a few of the subjects of his pencil to the reader's recollection, for nothing we could add by the way of note or commendation, could make the impression more vivid.

“There is (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kind-hearted, whimsical, and pedantic; and Flora Mac-Ivor, (whom even we forgive for her jacobitism,) the fierce Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Dhu, constant in death, and Davie Gellatley, roasting his eggs, or turning his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two stag hounds that met Waverley, as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese;—then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell, at the change-house, and vanquishing him at the noble battle of Loudonhill; there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life, proud, cruel, selfish, profligate—but with the love-letters of the gentle Alice, (written thirty years before,) and his verses to her memory, found in his pocket after her death; in the same volume of *Old Mortality*, is that lone figure, like one in Scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone, at the turning to the mountain to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path; at

the fawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted; and the fanatics, Macbriar and Mucklewrath, crazed with zeal and sufferings; and the inflexible Morton, and the faithful Edith, who refused to 'give her hand to another, while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea.' In *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, we have Effie Deans, (that sweet faded flower,) and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old David Deans, the patriarch of St Leonard's Crag, and Butler, and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in his silence, and Mr Bartoline Saddletree, and his prudent helpmate, and Porteous, swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother. Again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier, with 'her head to the east, and Dirk Hatteraick, (equal to Shakspeare's Master Barnardine,) and Glossin, the soul of an attorney, and Dandie Dinmont, with his terrier-pack and his pony Duple, and the fiery Colonel Mannering, and the modish old counsellor Pleydell, and Dominie Sampson; and Rob Roy, (like the eagle in his eyrie,) and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the inimitable Major Galbraith, Rashleigh, Osbaldistone, and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers; and in the *Antiquary*, the ingenious Mr Oldbuck, and the old bedesman, Edie Ochiltree, and that preternatural figure of old Elspeth a living shadow, in whom the lamp of life had been long extinguished; had it not been fed by remorse and 'thick-coming' recollections; and that striking picture of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy Earl of Glenallan; and the Black Dwarf, and his friend, Hobbie of the Heughfoot, (the cheerful hunter,) and his cousin Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morning; and the Children of the Mist, and the baying of the blood-hound, that tracks their steps at a distance, (the hollow echoes are in our ears now,) and Amy and her hapless love, and the villain Varney, and the deep voice of George of Douglas—and the immoveable Balafre, and Master Oliver, the barber, in Quentin Durward—and the quaint humour of the Fortunes of Nigel, and the comic spirit of Peveril of the Peak—and the fine old English romance of Ivanhoe. What a list of names! What a host of associations! What a thing is hu-

man life? What a power is that of genius! What a world of thought and feeling is thus rescued from oblivion! How many hours of heartfelt satisfaction has our author given to the gay and thoughtless! How many sad hearts has he soothed in pain and solitude! It is no wonder that the public repay, with lengthened applause and gratitude, the pleasure they receive. He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down. He is always in the public eye, and we do not tire of him. His worst is better than any other person's best. His *back-grounds* (and his latter works are little else but back-grounds capitally made out,) are more attractive than the principal and most complicated figures of other writers. His works (taken together) are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author!

"The political bearing of the *Scotch Novels* has been a considerable recommendation to them. They are a relief to the mind, rarified as it has been with modern philosophy, and heated with ultra-radicalism. The candour of Sir Walter's historic pen levels our bristling prejudices, and sees fair play between round-heads and cavaliers—between protestant and papist. He is a writer reconciling all the diversities of human nature to the reader. He does not enter into the hostile distinctions of sects and parties, but treats of the strength or the infirmity of the human mind, of the virtues and vices of the human breast, as they are to be found blended in the whole race of mankind.—Nothing can show more handsomely, or be more gallantly executed."

Another critic attempts a comparison between our author and the late Lord Byron, as follows:—

"The two most celebrated writers of this age, Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, resemble each other not a little in their works. Their respective series of productions, from *Childe Harold* to *Don Juan*, and from *Waverley* to *Woodstock*, though differing essentially in structure, object, and subject, agree, nevertheless, in several particulars. Each series, for example, evinces a remarkable qualification of mind in the author, and each betrays a remarkable defect. It is likewise a singular coincidence, that the same qualification and the same defect should exist in both, viz. extraordinary facility of invention."

respects *composition*, and difficulty of invention as far as respects *character*. Both authors are about equally remarkable for the said power, and (if the expression may be used) impotence of mind, in these different provinces of invention.

"And first as to composition. The prodigal effusion of poetry, which in Childe Harold, the Corsair, the Giaour, &c., &c., almost overwhelmed the reading world, is only to be paralleled by the quantity of prose so dissolutely expended in the composition of Waverley, Guy Mannering, &c., &c., a series to which we can see indeed no probable termination. Both the poems and the novels indicate a fertility of mind in this respect, amounting to what might be designated even a rank luxuriance. Before we had eaten down one crop of this intellectual pasture, another began to present itself, and a third growth shot up whilst our heads were deep in the second. There is here an obvious resemblance between the two series of works now compared. It would be hard to say whether the poet or the novelist were the greater spendthrift of his words. In both, eloquence is of so splendid and profuse a nature, that it takes the form, and might assume the name, of splendid loquacity. The labour with these authors seems to have been merely that of transcribing from the folds of the brain to the leaves of their paper. Facility in composition,—and when we say this, we do not mean fluency without a considerable degree of solidity,—is the qualification in which these two great writers resemble each other, and that, perhaps, in which they most surpass all their contemporaries. We allow there is much difference between the "weighty bullion" of Childe Harold, or Waverley, and the "French wire" into which the small portion of sterling ore, forming the real worth of Sardanapalus, or Redgauntlet, is drawn; but still, the same ease of language, the same wealth of imagery, is everywhere displayed, even in their most precipitate works, by each writer,—and with about equal claims on our admiration. Sir Walter, like his late noble competitor for the crown of fame, in his more recent works, seems to have depended almost wholly on the power of writing *ad infinitum*, agreeably upon any or no subject. But all-powerful as those two great writers may be considered, in the department of eloquence, and what may be generally described as composition, they are both radically, though not perhaps equally, impotent in the province of character, variously modified by the different

circumstances in which it is placed throughout all Lord Byron's poems,—that of a noble-minded, but depraved being, of fine feelings, but irregular passions, more or less satirical and misanthropical in his disposition, gloomy, heart-withered, reckless, and irreligious. Sir Walter Scott has taken a circle of somewhat greater circumference, but within which he is just as strictly confined. He has excogitated, or his experience has furnished him with a certain definite number of characters, and these he plays as he would chess men, sometimes bringing one forward, sometimes another, but without the power of increasing the number of men on the board."

The Waverley Novels were highly admired by Byron; he never travelled without them. "They are," said he to Captain Medwin one day, "a library in themselves—a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure." During that morning he had been reading one of Sir Walter's Novels, and delivered the following criticism: "How difficult it is to say any thing new! Who was that voluptuary of antiquity who offered a reward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea. This page, for instance, is a brilliant one; it is full of wit. But let us see how much is original. This passage," continued his Lordship, "comes from Shakspeare; this *bon mot* from one of Sheridan's comedies; this observation from another writer; and yet the ideas are new moulded, and perhaps Scott was not aware of their being plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to have a good memory." "I should not like to have you for a critic," observed Captain Medwin. "Set a thief to catch a thief," was the reply.

On the death of the illustrious Byron, Sir Walter Scott evinced his candour and liberality of mind in the following tribute to his Lordship's memory:—

"That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and that of malignant censure, are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's

faults—what his mistakes : but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly-gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition : who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the strait path—such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

“The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for Nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress ; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily ; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictness or coercion which was natural to him as an author ; he refused to plead at the bar of criticism. As a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him ; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error ; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and (so to speak) his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much

of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to show his arbitrary power." It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudicial view of such a contest; and if the noble bard had gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was his, he gave in return an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, beside deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

"It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, he was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the different parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged.

"We are not Byron's apologists, for now, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will now be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of *Childe Harold*, a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of those petty precautions which little authors call taking care of their fame. Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *Don Juan*), he has embraced every topic in human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which

has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, but seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither Child Harold, nor any of the most beautiful of his earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of Don Juan, amidst verses which he appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest:

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest.

“With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times, it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, and may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.”

The first person on whom his majesty George IV. conferred a baronetage, was Sir Walter Scott; and in August, 1822, when the king honoured Edinburgh with a visit, Sir Walter acted as croupier, or vice-president, at a dinner given by the Lord Provost and corporation, to the royal guest.

In the summer of 1825, Sir Walter paid a visit to *Ireland*, where he was most hospitably received by the sons of the Shamrock. During his stay in *Dublin* he frequently visited the library adjoining St

Patrick's cathedral; on one of these occasions the deputy librarian, who happened to be a collegian, having got into conversation with the (*then*) "Great Unknown," wished to take him by surprise, and thereby prove his own dexterity. With this view he exclaimed, "Oh, Sir Walter, do you know that it was only lately I have had time to get through your Redgauntlet." "Sir," replied Sir Walter, "I never met with such a book." The librarian stood rebuked, and said nothing.

As Sir Walter and a friend were one day slowly sauntering along the High-street, Edinburgh, their ears were assailed by the cries of an Italian vender of images, who, in broken English, was extolling his brittle ware to excite custom. The chief burthen of the itinerant merchant's song, however, was the bust of *de Grate Unknown*, which he declared to be a perfect likeness. He now offered his wares to the inspection of our two gentlemen, still dwelling upon "*de Grate Unknown*," as *de* "most parfaite likeness of *de* wonderful original himself." The friend of Sir Walter desired him to look at the features of the latter, when the poor fellow, in an ecstasy of joy, exclaimed, "'tis he, 'tis *de* grand Unknown! I make my most profits by him, and I will beg him to take von, two, tree images, all vat he like, for not any ting."

The following lively description of Sir Walter's personal appearance was written by a gentleman who visited Edinburgh about two years ago:—

"My departure from — was so sudden, that I had no time to seek letters of introduction; and the Scotch are not naturally fond of introductions which only give them trouble; but I had resolved upon seeing Sir Walter Scott before I left Edinburgh, and, had Constable been open, I could have been at no loss, but his door was unfortunately shut. I contrived, however, to get an introduction to Mr —, the historical painter, with whom I knew the poet was acquainted, and with whom it appears he spends many an hour, but I was just thirty minutes too late! Sir Walter had been there, had told the painter some anecdotes which he assured me threw him into convulsions, and that he had been laughing ever since; and I believed him, for he was hardly out of a con-

vulsion when I entered. Disappointed—I proceeded to the Parliament House (where Sir Walter sits as Chief Clerk to the Lord Commissioners,) and as soon as I found out my way into court, I had the good luck to find the object of my pursuit. I needed no monitor to point him out—I knew him instantly. I had never seen him before in my life; but I had read some of his works, and, from the pictorial and ideal together, I had formed in my mind his face exactly—and had I seen him hobbling in his favourite ‘Prince’s-street,’ I should have known him to be Sir Walter Scott. I pushed on to the advocates’ bench (a place reserved exclusively for the advocates,) to be as near him as possible—there I had no right to be, certainly, but, much to the credit of Scotch manners, they saw I was a stranger—knew no better—and they suffered me to remain. On first beholding Sir W. Scott, I felt all the veneration which is due to the good and the great. I confess I could have knelt down and worshipped him, though to man I never bent a knee. I shall endeavour to describe his person—he is tall, five feet ten or eleven inches, rather stout than otherwise, but not corpulent—appears to be about sixty—is healthy, but lamed in one of his legs, and walks with difficulty. His hair is pure white, and, falling thinly over his ruddy forehead, gives him a venerable aspect. You may fancy him the ‘Village Preacher’ of Oliver Goldsmith, and his costume heightens the resemblance. His complexion is ruddy. His head is singularly formed; uncommonly high from the eye-brows to the crown, and tapers upwards, somewhat in the conical form, but there is no projection of forehead, the bump which philosophers lay so much stress upon as being a sign of great intellect. His eyes are small, and I think dark-blue—you can seldom catch their expression, on account of the great projection of the eye-brows; but when you do, the look is divine; they express a mine of intellect, and a kind heart. I wonder many who have seen him say, his countenance is expressive of ‘shrewd cunning’—there is no cunning in his looks—nothing but goodness and genius. His manners are prepossessing, and he is very accessible. I perceived, whenever an advocate or lawman came to speak with him, he took him kindly by the hand—and then looked so kindly.

tents upon his page; he has squeezed out musty records, he has consulted way-fairing pilgrims, bed-ridden sibyls; he has invoked the spirits of the air; he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story in their own way; and by borrowing of others, has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth, and freedom. He has taken his materials from the original, authentic sources, in large concrete masses, and has not tampered with, or too much frittered them away. He is the only amanuensis of truth and history. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could describe how fine nature is. All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon, (wide as the scope is,) the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery, lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurtling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character, or fanciful belief, come thronging back upon the imagination. We will merely recal a few of the subjects of his pencil to the reader's recollection, for nothing we could add by the way of note or commendation, could make the impression more vivid.

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We know of no species of composition so delightful as that which presents us with personal anecdotes of eminent men; and if its greatest charm be in the gratification of our curiosity, it is a curiosity, at least, that has its origin in enthusiasm. We are anxious to know all that is possible to be known of those who have an honoured place in public opinion. It is not merely that every circumstance derives a value from the person to whom it relates; but an apparently insignificant anecdote often throws an entirely new light on the history of the most admired works; the most noble actions, intellectual discoveries, or brilliant deeds, though they shed a broad and lasting lustre round those who have achieved them, occupy but a small portion of the life of an individual; and we are not unwilling to penetrate the dazzling glory, and to see how the remaining intervals are filled up—to look into the minor details, to detect incidental foibles, and to be satisfied what qualities they have in common with ourselves, as well as distinct from us, entitled to our pity, or raised above our imitation. The heads of great men, in short, are not all we want to get a sight of; we wish to add the limbs, the drapery, the back-ground. It is thus that, in the intimacy of retirement, we enjoy with them “calm contemplation and poetic ease.” We see the careless smile play upon their expressive features; we hear the dictates of unstudied wisdom, or the sallies of sportive wit fall without disguise from their lips; we see, in fine, how poets, and philosophers, and scholars, live, converse, and behave. With these sentiments, our readers will not be surprised at our introducing here the following literary and miscellaneous dialogue, translated from the tour of an eminent foreigner.

“Sir W. Scott.—‘Well, doctor, how did you like the banks of the Tweed and Melrose Abbey?’

Dr Pichot.—‘They are worthy of the bard who has sung them. I, besides, paid a visit to Abbotsford, and surveyed with interest your Gothic sculptures, your armoury, and pictures, some of which are speaking representations. I shall now re-peruse, with double pleasure, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and your other works.’

Sir Walter Scott.—‘Are you acquainted with the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border?’

Dr Pichot.—‘A great part of it; but more especially with your own imitations of the old border ballads. It was, I believe, your first publication?’

Sir Walter Scott.—‘Not exactly. I made my déb

in 1799, with an imitation of some ballads of Burger, and a translation of the chivalresque drama of Goethe, *Goetz von Berlichingen*. These essays procured me the acquaintance of the famous Lewis, author of the *Monk*, and surnamed *Monk Lewis*. He was a very agreeable man, whose imagination was particularly fond of the supernatural, and of popular superstitions. I read to him my *Eve of St John* and *Glenfinlas*; and he requested my permission to insert these two poems in his *Tales of Wonder*?

Dr Pichot.—‘I should apprehend that the *Monk of Lewis* is a little out of fashion.’

Sir Walter Scott.—‘It is a work written with power. It produced an effect, although it came after the romances of Mrs Radcliffe. Like the latter, Lewis chose the south as the seat of his action; in a southern atmosphere, passions as well as vegetation have more energy; passion is wanted in works of this kind. The marvellous alone will not suffice for so sceptical an age as this. I should have liked Mrs Radcliffe more, if she had been less anxious about the explanation of her mysteries. Lewis wrote as if he believed.’

Dr Pichot.—‘Might not Mrs Radcliffe, as a woman, be in dread of passing for superstitious?’

Sir Walter Scott.—‘It may be so. Her works, compared with the common novel, are what melo-dramas are, compared with tragedies and comedies. Terror is their chief spring of action. But there are some good melo-dramas. Walpole created the melo-dramatic romance; but Mrs Radcliffe surpassed Walpole. Lewis and Maturin have alone come near Mrs Radcliffe. The *Montorio Family* is a very astonishing work.’

Dr Pichot.—‘Was your *Goetz von Berlichingen* published at Edinburgh?’

Sir Walter Scott.—‘No, I published it at London, where I then was. It is from the same epoch that my acquaintance with Messrs Canning and Frere commenced.’

Dr Pichot.—‘You have contributed to transfer a portion of the English bookselling business to Edinburgh.’

Sir Walter Scott.—‘Authors doubtless make pub-

lishers; but Mr Archibald Constable has done much for Scotch authorship.'

Dr Pichot.—'Scotland has always supplied great men to the literary republic.'

Sir Walter Scott.—'The patriarch of our authors is Mr Henry Mackenzie, who knew Hume and Robertson intimately. In his life of John Home, he has charmingly described the literary society of Edinburgh during the second half of the last century. He is a poet and romance writer; a poet in versification, and a poet also in his prose fictions; indeed, it is difficult for a good romance-writer not to be so in some degree. He is an ingenious critic in his periodical essays, (the *Mirror* and *Lounger*,) and a pathetic author in his novels. There is a little of Sterne's manner in his *Man of Feeling*; the pathos of *Julia de Roubigné* is more natural and pure.'

Dr Pichot.—'Scotland continues to enrich English literature with its best works. Thomas Campbell is a Scotchman.'

Sir Walter Scott.—'A Scotchman and a great poet. Lord Byron is also a little Scotch.'

Dr Pichot.—'May I ask you on what terms you are?'

Sir Walter Scott.—'I received a letter from him yesterday. We are in correspondence, and that of an amicable and intimate description.'

Dr Pichot.—'He has scoffed a little at Scotland.'

Sir Walter Scott.—'The *Edinburgh Review* went much too far. Lord Byron is very irritable.'

Dr Pichot.—'I saw the portrait of Mr Jeffrey, at Abbotsford. I presume you are friendly.'

Sir Walter Scott.—'Yes; he is one of our literary notables, and a distinguished barrister.'

Dr Pichot.—'Have you also appeared at the bar?'

Sir Walter Scott.—'Like all young barristers, I have pleaded on criminal trials.'

"I shall here add, from the authority of Mr Lockhart, that Sir Walter, when called to the bar, at the age of twenty-one, gave but few testimonies of his talent. He once, however, had an opportunity of speaking before the General Assembly, and the question having suddenly kindled his powers, he expressed himself with a flood of eloquence. The

famous Dr Blair was present, and said aloud, 'This young barrister will be a great man.'

"I resume our dialogue. Dr Pichot.—'You quitted pleading for a judicial situation.'

Sir Walter Scott.—'I was not appointed clerk of the Court of Session till after I had published *Marmion*. I was already Sheriff of Selkirkshire.'

"Lady Scott entered the drawing-room, and laid a box on the table, which she opened, and showed to Mr Crabbe, and then to me; this box contained a kind of cockade or St Andrew's cross, composed of pearls and precious stones found on the coast of Scotland.

Lady Scott.—'It is a St Andrew's cross, which the ladies of Scotland have commissioned Sir Walter to present to his Majesty before he alights. It is the work of a lady of high rank and great beauty.'

"I naturally admired the cross, the pearls, and the delicacy of the workmanship. Two children now entered; one the youngest son of Sir Walter, and the other, I believe, a brother of Mr Lockhart; those are his Majesty's two pages,' said Lady Scott to me; and she explained to me that they would be pages only during the residence of the King at Edinburgh. I asked Sir Walter if he had not another son; and he replied, that he had a son twenty years of age, a lieutenant in the army.'

The late dreadful crisis in the commercial world, which began with the bankers and ended with the booksellers, caused the failure of the house of Constable and Company of Edinburgh, who were not only the publishers of our author's works, but with whom he was associated in business, as a sleeping partner. This disastrous event necessarily removed the thin veil which had hitherto concealed the "Great Unknown" from the full gaze of an admiring public. The avowal of Sir Walter himself was made at the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Dinner, the details of which, from their peculiar interest in relation to the subject of this sketch, we are bound to lay fully before our readers.

"The first Annual Dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund was held yesterday (24th February, 1827,) in the Assembly Rooms, Sir Walter Scott in the chair; and near whom sat the Earl

of Fife, Lord Meadowbank, Sir John Hope of Pinkie, bart., Admiral Adam, Baron Clerk Rattray, Gilbert Innes, Esq., James Walker, Esq., Robert Dundas, Esq., Alexander Smith, Esq., &c.

"After dinner the usual toasts were given, when the chairman, in an appropriate speech, proposed the memory of his late royal highness the Duke of York.—Drank in solemn silence.

"The chairman (Sir Walter Scott) then requested that gentlemen would fill a bumper, as full as it would hold, while he would say only a few words. He was then in the habit of hearing speeches, and he knew the feeling with which long ones were regarded. He was sure that it was perfectly unnecessary for him to enter into any vindication of the dramatic art, which they had come here to support. This, however, he considered to be the proper time and proper occasion for him to say a few words on that love of representation which was an innate feeling in human nature. It was the first amusement that the child had—it grew greater as he grew up; and, even in the decline of life, nothing amused so much as when a common tale is well told. The first thing a child does is to ape his schoolmaster, by flogging a chair. It was an enjoyment natural to humanity. It was implanted in our very nature, to take pleasure from such representations, at proper times, and on proper occasions. In all ages the theatrical art had kept pace with the improvement of mankind, and with the progress of letters and the fine arts. As he has advanced from the ruder stages of society, the love of dramatic representations has increased, and all works of this nature have been improved, in character and in structure. They had only to turn their eyes to the history of ancient Greece, although he did not pretend to be very deeply versed in ancient history. Its first tragic poet commanded a body of troops at Marathon. The second and next were men who shook Athens with their discourses, as their theatrical works shook the theatre itself. If they turned to France, in the time of Louis the fourteenth, that era in the classical history of that country, they would find that it was referred to by all Frenchmen as the golden age of the drama there. And also in England, in the time of

Queen Elizabeth, the drama began to mingle deeply and wisely in the general politics of Europe, not only not receiving laws from others, but giving laws to the world, and vindicating the rights of mankind. (Cheers.) There have been various times when the dramatic art subsequently fell into disrepute. Its professors have been stigmatised, and laws have been passed against them, less dishonourable to them than to the statesmen by whom they were passed, and to the legislators by whom they were adopted. What were the times in which these laws were passed? Was it not when virtue was seldom inculcated as a moral duty, that we were required to relinquish the most rational of all our amusements, when the clergy were enjoined celibacy, and when the laity were denied the right to read their bibles. He thought that it must have been from a notion of penance that they erected the drama into an ideal place of profaneness, and the tent of sin. He did not mean to dispute that there were many excellent persons who thought differently from him, and they were entitled to assume that they were not guilty of any hypocrisy in doing so. He gave them full credit for their tender consciences, in making these objections, which did not appear to him relevant to those persons, if they were what they usurp themselves to be; and if they were persons of worth and piety, he should crave the liberty to tell them, that the first part of their duty was charity, and that if they did not choose to go to the theatre, they at least could not deny that they might give away, from their superfluity, what was required for the relief of the sick, the support of the aged, and the comfort of the afflicted. These were duties enjoined by our religion itself. (Loud cheers.) The performers are in a particular manner entitled to the support or regard, when in old age or distress, of those who had partaken of the amusements of those places which they render an ornament to society. Their art was of a peculiarly delicate and precarious nature. They had to serve a long apprenticeship. It was very long before even the first-rate geniuses could acquire the mechanical knowledge of the stage business. They must languish long in obscurity before they can avail themselves of their natural talents; and after that, they

have but a short space of time, during which they are fortunate if they can provide the means of comfort in the decline of life. That comes late, and lasts but a short time, after which they are left dependent. Their limbs fail, their teeth are loosened, their voice is lost, and they are left, after giving happiness to others, in a most disconsolate state. The public were liberal and generous to those deserving their protection. It was a sad thing to be dependent on the favour, or, he might say, in plain terms, on the caprice of the public; and this more particularly for a class of persons of whom extreme prudence is not the character. There might be instances of opportunities being neglected; but let them tax themselves, and consider the opportunities they had neglected, and the sums of money they had wasted; let every gentleman look into his own bosom, and say whether these were circumstances which would soften his own feelings, were he to be plunged into distress. He put it to every generous bosom—to every better feeling—to say what consolation was it to old age to be told that you might have made provision at a time which had been neglected—(loud cheers)—and to find it objected, that if you had pleased you might have been wealthy. He had hitherto been speaking of what, in theatrical language, were called *stars*, but they were sometimes fallen ones. There was another class of sufferers naturally and necessarily connected with the theatre, without whom it was impossible to go on. The sailors have a saying, every man cannot be a boatswain. If there must be persons to act Hamlet, there must also be people to act Laertes, the King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, otherwise a drama cannot go on. If even Garrick himself were to rise from the dead, he could not act Hamlet alone. There must be generals, colonels, commanding-officers, and subalterns; but what are the private soldiers to do? Many have mistaken their own talents, and have been driven in early youth to try the stage, to which they are not competent. He would know what to say to the poet and the artist. He would say that it was foolish, and he would recommend to the poet to become a scribe, and the artist to paint sign-posts. (Loud laughter.) But he could not send the player adrift, for if he

cannot play Hamlet, he must play Guildenstern. Where there are many labourers wages must be low, and no man in such a situation can decently support a wife and family, and save something off his income for old age. What is this man to do in latter life? Are you to cast him off like an old hinge, or a piece of useless machinery, which has done its work? To a person who has contributed to our amusement, this would be unkind, ungrateful, and unchristian. His wants are not of his own making, but arise from the natural sources of sickness and old age. It cannot be denied that there is one class of sufferers to whom no imprudence can be ascribed, except on first entering on the profession. After putting his hand to the dramatic plough, he cannot draw back, but must continue at it, and toil till death release him, or charity, by its milder assistance, steps in to render that want more tolerable. He had little more to say, except that he sincerely hoped that the collection to-day, from the number of respectable gentlemen present, would meet the views entertained by the patrons. He hoped it would do so. They should not be disheartened. Though they could not do a great deal, they might do something. They had this consolation, that every thing they parted with from their superfluity would do some good. They would sleep the better themselves when they have been the means of giving sleep to others. It was ungrateful and unkind, that those who had sacrificed their youth to our amusement should not receive the reward due to them, but should be reduced to hard fare in their old age. We cannot think of poor Falstaff going to bed without his cup of sack, or Macbeth fed on bones as marrowless as those of Banquo. (Loud cheers and laughter.) As he believed that they were all as fond of the dramatic art as he was in his younger days, he would propose that they should drink 'The Theatrical Fund,' with three times three.

"Mr Mackay rose on behalf of his brethren, to return their thanks for the toast just drunk. After ably advocating the cause of the fund, he concluded by tendering to the meeting, in the name of his brethren and sisters, their unfeigned thanks for their liberal support, and begged to propose the health of

the Patrons of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.
—(Cheers.)

“ Lord Meadowbank begged to propose a health, which, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these clouds were now dispelled, and that the Great Unknown—the mighty magician—(here the room literally rung with applauses, which were continued for some minutes)—the minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stands revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel, who recollects the enjoyment he has had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It has been left for him, by his writings, to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for his country, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced, within its territory. He has opened up the peculiar beauties of this country to the eyes of foreigners. He has exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owe the freedom we now enjoy. He would give the health of Sir Walter Scott, which was drunk with enthusiastic cheering.

“ Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of Not Proven. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps he might have

acted from caprice. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself.—(Long and loud cheering.) He was afraid to think on what he had done. ‘Look on’t again I dare not.’ He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, ‘Tis your breath that has filled my sails; and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie—(loud applause,)—and he was sure, that when the author of Waverley and Rob Roy drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman had always been accustomed, and that they would take care that, on the present occasion, it should be *prodigious*!—(Long and vehement applause.)

“Mr Mackay, who spoke with great humour in the character of Bailie Jarvie. My conscience! My worthy father the deacon could not have believed that his son could have had sic a compliment paid him by the Great Unknown.

“Sir Walter Scott.—Not unknown now, Mr Bailie.

Mr Mackay.—He had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was now vain of the cognomen which he had worn for eight years, and he questioned if any of his brethren in the council had given such universal satisfaction.—(Loud laughter and applause.) Before he sat down he begged to propose, ‘The Lord Provost and the city of Edinburgh.’

“Mr Patrick Robertson gave ‘Mrs Henry Siddons, and success to the Theatre-Royal of Edinburgh.’”

“Mr Murray returned thanks for Mr Siddons.

“ Sir Walter Scott here stated, that Mrs Siddons wanted the means, but not the will of beginning the Theatrical Fund. He here alluded to the great ability of Mr Murray’s management, and of his merits, which were of the first order, and of which every person who attends the theatre must be sensible; and, after alluding to the embarrassments with which the theatre was threatened, he concluded by giving the health of Mr Murray, which was drank with three times three.

“ Mr Murray.—Gentlemen, I wish I could believe that, in any degree, I merited the compliments with which it has pleased Sir Walter Scott to preface the proposal of my health, or the very flattering manner in which you have done me the honour to receive it. When, upon the death of my dear brother, the late Mr Siddons, it was proposed that I should undertake the management of the Edinburgh theatre, I confess I drew back, doubting my capability to free it from the load of debt and difficulty with which it was surrounded. In this state of anxiety I solicited the advice of one who had ever honoured me with his kindest regard, and whose name no member of my profession can pronounce without feelings of the deepest respect and gratitude—I allude to the late Mr John Kemble.—(Great applause.) To him I applied; and with the repetition of his advice I shall cease to transgress upon your time.—(Hear, hear.) “ My dear William, fear not; integrity and assiduity must prove an overmatch for all difficulty, and though I approve your not indulging a vain confidence in your own ability, and viewing with respectful apprehension the judgment of the audience you have to act before, yet be assured that judgment will ever be tempered by feeling that you are acting for the widow and fatherless.”—(Loud applause.)

“ Mr J. Maconochie gave ‘the health of Mrs Siddons.’

Sir Walter Scott said, that if any thing could reconcile him to old age, it was the reflection that he had seen the rising as well as the setting sun of Mrs Siddons. He remembered well their breakfasting *near to the theatre*—waiting the whole day—the *crashing at the doors at six o’clock*—and their going

in and counting their fingers till seven o'clock. But the very first step, the very first word which she uttered, was sufficient to overpay him for all his labours. The house was literally electrified; and it was only from witnessing the effects of her genius, that he could guess to what a pitch theatrical excellence could be carried. Those young fellows who have only seen the setting sun of this distinguished performer, beautiful and serene as that was, must give us old fellows, who have seen its rise, leave to hold our heads a little higher.

"Mr Mackay announced that the subscription for the night amounted to £280; and he expressed gratitude for this substantial proof of their kindness.

"Mr Mackay here entertained the company with a pathetic song.

"Sir Walter Scott apologized for having so long forgotten their native land. He would now give Scotland, the land of cakes. He would give every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat's house—every lass in her cottage and countess in her castle; and may her sons stand by her, as their fathers did before them, and he who would not drink a bumper to his toast, may he never drink whisky more.

"Sir Walter Scott.—Gentlemen, I crave a bumper all over. The last toast reminds me of a neglect of duty. Unaccustomed to a public duty of this kind, errors in conducting the ceremonial of it may be excused, and omissions pardoned. Perhaps I have made one or two omissions in the course of the evening, for which I trust you will grant me your pardon and indulgence. One thing in particular I have omitted, and I would now wish to make amends for it by a libation of reverence and respect to the memory of Shakspeare. He was a man of universal genius, and from a period soon after his own era to the present day he has been universally idolized. When I come to his honoured name, I am like the sick man who hung up his crutches at the shrine, and was obliged to confess that he did not walk better than before. It is indeed difficult, gentlemen, to compare him to any other individual. The only one to whom I can at all compare him is the wonderful Arabian dervise, who dived into the body of each.

and in that way became familiar with the thoughts and secrets of their hearts. He was a man of obscure origin, and as a player, limited in his acquirements. But he was born evidently with a universal genius. His eyes glanced at all the varied aspects of life, and his fancy portrayed with equal talents the king on the throne, and the clown who cracks his chestnuts at a Christmas fire. Whatever note he takes, he strikes it just and true, and awakens a corresponding chord in our own bosoms. Gentlemen, I propose 'the memory of William Shakspeare.'

"Glee, 'Lightly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground.'

"After the glee, Sir Walter rose, and begged to propose as a toast the health of a lady, whose living merits are not a little honourable to Scotland. The toast (said he) is also flattering to the national vanity of a Scotsman, as the lady whom I intend to propose is a native of this country. From the public her works have met with the most favourable reception. One piece of hers, in particular, was often acted here of late years, and gave pleasure of no mean kind to many brilliant and fashionable audiences. In her private character, she (he begged leave to say) is as remarkable as in a public sense she is for her genius. In short, he would in one word name—'Joanna Baillie.'

"W. Menzies, Esq. advocate, was sure that all present would cordially join him in drinking 'the health of Mr Terry.'

"Sir Walter Scott.—Mr Baron Clerk—the Court of Exchequer.

"Mr Baron Clerk regretted the absence of his learned brother. None, he was sure, could be more generous in his nature, or ready to help a Scottish purpose.

"Sir Walter Scott.—There is one who ought to be remembered on this occasion. He is indeed well entitled to our great recollection—one, in short, to whom the drama in this city owes much. He succeeded, not without trouble, and perhaps at some considerable sacrifice, in establishing a theatre. The younger part of the company may not recollect the *theatre* to which I allude; but there are some who *with me* may remember by name the theatre in *Car-rubber's Close*. There Allan Ramsay established

his little theatre. His own pastoral was not fit for the stage, but it has its own admirers in those who love the Doric language in which it is written; and it is not without merits of a very peculiar kind. But, laying aside all consideration of his literary merit, Allan was a good jovial honest fellow, who could crack a bottle with the best. 'The memory of Allan Ramsay.'

"Mr P. Robertson.—I feel that I am about to tread on ticklish ground. The talk is of a new theatre but wherever the theatre may be erected, I trust we shall meet the old company.

"Sir Walter Scott.—Wherever the new theatre is built, I hope it will not be large. There are two errors which we commonly commit—the one arising from our pride, the other from our poverty. If there are twelve plans, it is odds but the largest, without any regard to comfort, or an eye to the probable expense, is adopted. There was the College projected on this scale, and undertaken in the same manner, and who shall see the end of it? It has been building all my life, and may probably last during the lives of my children, and my children's children. Let it not be said, when we commence a new theatre, as was said on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of a certain building, 'behold the endless work begun.' Play-going folks should attend somewhat to convenience. The new theatre should, in the first place, be such as may be finished in eighteen months or two years; and, in the second place, it should be one in which we can hear our old friends with comfort. It is better that a theatre should be crowded now and then, than to have a large theatre, with benches continually empty, to the discouragement of the actors, and the discomfort of the spectators.—(Applause.)

"Immediately afterwards he said, Gentlemen, it is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge, I may say, '*non sum qualis eram.*' At my time of day, I can agree with Lord Ogleby as to the rheumatism, and say, 'There's a twinge.' I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for leaving the chair. (The worthy baronet then retired. amid long, loud, and rapturous cheering?)"

"When Sir Walter had thus declared, à propos

to nothing, that he was the man who had so long concealed his features under the mask of the author of *Waverley*, all the world stared, not so much at the unexpectedness of the disclosure, for it was virtually well known before, but that the declaration should be made at that particular moment, when there appeared no reason for revealing the quasi secret. A document which we have lately seen, however, explains the circumstance, and puts to flight many sage conjectures. The unfortunate position of the affairs of Constable and Co., and of Ballantyne and Co., with the latter of which firms Sir Walter Scott was connected, has rendered it necessary that their accounts should not only be looked into, but exposed to the creditors. The transactions recorded there show explicitly enough who was the author of *Waverley*;—we not only find Sir Walter Scott receives payment for these works, but we find him stipulating for the purchase-money of works then unconceived, and of yielding up every stiver, or its worth, which he could command, but actually pledging future labours akin to former ones, for the liquidation of his debts. These, and a variety of other particulars, are to be found in the excerpts of the sederunt-book of the meetings of Messrs Ballantyne's creditors, a copy of which has lately been in private circulation. Hence the sudden, and, it must be added, rather awkward avowal of the authorship on the part of Sir Walter. As he was well aware that the circumstances would soon make their way through the press, he determined to catch at some little eclat; while yet there was time—some little credit for disclosing that himself, which all the world were soon to learn from others.

“ These are items from the accounts.

‘ Value of Sir Walter Scott's literary property.

‘ 1. Copyright of published works, estimated at the rate obtained from Constable and Co. for similar works.”

St Ronan's Well	-	-	-	£1,300
Redgauntlet	-	-	-	1,300
Crusaders	-	-	-	2,000
				—————£4,600

“ “ This price is that given for the subsequent editions, after the first 10,000.”

‘ 2. Eventual rights to works sold to Constable and Co., for which bonds to the extent of £7,800 are granted, but for reasons above stated, no value can be rated in this state.*

‘ 3. Works in progress.† As none of these are completed, no value put on them at present beyond what is before stated as due to Ballantyne and Co. for printing works in progress, and on the value of Messrs Constable and Co.’s paper on hand; but ultimately will be very valuable. See Appendix as to these works.

“ In the debtor and creditor account of Constable and Co. with Ballantyne and Co., the following item occurs on the credit side:—Sums advanced by Constable and Co. to Sir Walter Scott, being their two-third shares of sums stipulated to be paid in advance for two works of fiction not named, and not yet written, as per missives, dated 7th and 20th March, 1823.

“ These works being undelivered, it is considered the author has an undoubted right to retain them, ‡ and impute the sums paid to account in the general balance owing to Constable and Co.

“ In Appedix, No. II, being estimates of funds that may accrue to Ballantyne and Co. within a year, occur several curious particulars relative to Woodstock and the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Produce of New Works by Sir Walter Scott at present in the course of publication.

1. Woodstock, 3 volumes, 9,500; shop-price 31s. 6d. boards.	-	£14,962 10 0
Deduct one-third, to reduce to trade-price, and cover expenses of sale,	-	£4,987 10
Cost of paper and printing (same as Redgauntlet)	2,225 0	
Sum to cover contingencies,	1,000 0	
		<hr/> 8,212 10 0
Remains,	-	6,750 0 0

* * It is a condition of these bonds, that if they are not paid, the copyrights revert to the author; so that, in spite of the failure of the granters, it is supposed they will be paid.”

† “ This alludes to the Life of Napoleon.”

‡ “ Were the right the other way, it would be a very difficult matter to enforce it. An author of works of fiction is not to be delivered against his will; a legal process to force Sir Walter Scott to produce a couple of novels, would be the Cæsarean operation in literature.”

Add value of copy-right, after first impression	-	-	-	1,300	0	0
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Produce of Woodstock	-	-	-	8,000	0	0
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2. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, 5 vols.						
8,000 copies, shop-price 52s. 6d. boards	21,000	0	0			
Deduct one-third, as above	7,000	0				
Ditto for paper, &c.	3,706	0				
Ditto contingencies	1,200	0				
	11,906	0	0			

	9,094	0	0
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Add value of copy-right after first edition	-	-	-	2,166	13	4
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Produce of Bonaparte's Life	-	-	-	11,260	13	4
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3. Literary productions by Sir Walter Scott, already finished, but not yet published, though in the course of publication, which may be safely stated at	-	-	-	1,000	0	0
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“ At the second meeting of creditors, held 3d February, 1826, a resolution is entered, that the printing establishment should be continued, both as a source of profit, and as necessary for the publication of Sir Walter Scott's works; who had requested of Mr Gibson to communicate, that he was to use every exertion in his power on behalf of the creditors; and by the diligent employment of his talents, and adoption of a strictly economical mode of life, to secure, as speedily as possible, full payment to all concerned.

“ The cause of the delay in the publication of the Life of Napoleon will be found in the following minute:—

“ “ The circumstances connected with the two literary works, entitled Woodstock, and the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, having been considered, the trustees expressed their opinion, that so far as they understood the nature of the bargain between Sir Walter Scott and Constable and Co., the latter had *no claim in law* for the proceeds of either of these books; but think it desirable for all parties that they

should be finished, which should be communicated to Sir Walter; and also, that he should be requested to give his aid to the sale of them to the best advantage.—Mr Gibson was instructed to endeavour to concert some arrangement with Constable and Co. for consigning in some bank the price of the works, until all questions concerning them were decided.

“ On the 26th May, 1826, a meeting was held, when Mr Gibson reported particulars of sale of Woodstock, 7,900 copies of which had been sold to Hurst and Robertson, at £6,500; but they being unable to complete the bargain, they had been transferred to Longman and Co. on same terms.

“ The money had been paid, and was deposited with Sir William Forbes and Co. to wait the issue of the decision as to the respective claims of Constable and Co. and Sir Walter Scott's trustees, regarding this work. The remainder of the impression had been sold to Constable and Co.'s trustee at 18s. 6d. each copy, ‘ at a credit of ten months from delivery, with five per cent. discount for any earlier payment,’ of which the trustees approved. In consequence of advice from Sir Walter Scott and Longman and Co., it had been thought advisable to restrict the first edition of the Life of Napoleon to 6,000, instead of 8,000 copies, as originally intended.

“ The excerpts contain a great number of items, which lay open the precise state of Sir Walter's private affairs: a hundred years hence they may be a great curiosity, and their publication may then be correct; at present it would certainly be indelicate and unhandsome, not only to the admirable writer himself, but also to several other private individuals. Every thing belonging to a great national genius is public property, and in the course of a short time these excerpts will be sought for with avidity; and published with as little hesitation as Mr Todd lately printed Milton's pecuniary squabbles with his mother-in-law.”

The original manuscripts of these novels now for the first time appeared, *all in the hand-writing* of Sir Walter. Messrs Constable and Co. having purchased the copyright of these novels, the assignees to the estate considered the manuscripts as belonging to the property. The trustees of the Advocate's Library.

anxious to enrich their valuable collection of manuscripts, and to possess these truly interesting autograph documents, as we may justly call them, offered the assignees the sum of £1,000 for the whole collection. This offer not being considered sufficiently liberal, was rejected: they were afterwards offered to the British Museum, the trustees of which would not, or perhaps, owing to the impoverished state of their finances, could not purchase them without applying to Government for a grant for that purpose. These said manuscripts then remained in *statu quo* until the commencement of the present year, when they were brought forward, to the astonishment of all the author's friends and admirers, for *public competition*, at the sale-room of Mr Evans, in Pall Mall. The following is the list, with the prices they produced at the sale:—

Lot 1.	The Monastery, perfect,	- -	£18 18
2.	Guy Mannering, wanting a leaf at the end of Vol. II.	- -	27 10
3.	Old Mortality, perfect,	- -	33 0
4.	The Antiquary, perfect,	- -	42 0
5.	Rob Roy, perfect,	- -	50 0
6.	Peveril of the Peak, perfect,	- -	42 0
7.	Waverley, imperfect,	- -	18 0
8.	The Abbot, imperfect,	- -	14 0
9.	Ivanhoe, imperfect,	- -	12 0
10.	The Pirate, imperfect,	- -	12 0
11.	The Fortunes of Nigel, imperfect,	- -	16 16
12.	Kenilworth, imperfect,	- -	17 0
13.	Bride of Lammermoor, only 61 pages,	- -	14 14

Such was the melancholy event of this highly interesting sale, the whole producing the small sum of £317, 10s.

Captain Basil Hall was the fortunate purchaser of "The Antiquary;" and, some little time after, meeting Sir Walter, accidentally, at Southampton, Sir Walter, understanding that he had purchased the same, told him that "The Antiquary" was *his most favourite novel*; and most kindly offered, provided Captain Basil Hall had the manuscript with him, to *write a few lines* to that effect, at the end of it. Such an opportunity of possessing the author's own opi-

nion, and *in his own hand-writing*, was most properly not neglected by Captain Basil Hall, who immediately sent up to London for it; and we understand that Sir Walter Scott has written some few lines at the end of it to that effect.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE is a production of which neither our limits, nor our inclinations, will allow us to say much. In an historical point of view it possesses few merits, and, we are constrained to admit, is equally unworthy of the extraordinary character it treats of, as of its author's splendid literary reputation. The extent and importance of the subject were calculated to afford an ample scope for the display of the very highest ability. A more exciting theme of narration—a fairer field of philosophical contemplation, was never before given to kindle the eloquence, to exercise the wisdom and skill, or to stimulate the intellectual ambition of the historian. Yet, notwithstanding the unquestionable powers of the celebrated author—notwithstanding the fame which he had "set upon the cast"—the magnitude of the occasion, and all the inspiring circumstances of the undertaking, it would be vain to deny that the work, upon the whole, is a failure. The book has, evidently, been written in haste and with negligence; the author has given himself no time either for the well-digested arrangement of facts, or profound reflection on the great combinations of political action. He has not, in simple language, studied his subject; but has put together an immense mass of materials, as rapidly as they accumulated under his hands, with little care in the selection, and no thought for their relative importance and measurement. It is, in short, a voluminous compilation, executed indeed with wonderful celerity, and adorned with brilliant passages, but nothing worthy either of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, or the true dignity of history. But the real cause of his failure in writing the history of our eventful times must not be traced either to ignorance or incapacity. It is too visible that lower considerations than the generous love of fame inspired the author. Hence, only, the haste, the negligence, the prolixity of the composition, the want of compression, of reviewing, of deliberate arrangement. At the same time, we should

be guilty of great injustice if we failed to remark the extraordinary skill displayed by Sir Walter Scott in the relation of military events. Not only are the shifting alarums of the battle-field exhibited with all the eager animation, all the picturesque and dramatic energy of description, which were to be looked for from the "author of Waverley," but the plans of campaign, and the movements of armies, are explained in a clear and methodical style, which evinces a perfect acquaintance with the principles of strategy.—Finally, of the third volume we are bound to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. It forms the most exciting and delightful fragment of heroic biography with which we are acquainted.

Having already given a detailed account of the Theatrical Fund Dinner, where the grand secret of the authorship of Waverley, &c. was communicated to an astonished audience by the illustrious writer himself, it may not be improper to give his more enlarged confession on the same subject, which is prefixed to the Chronicles of the Canongate.

"All who are acquainted with the early history of the Italian stage are aware, that Arlechino is not, in his original conception, a mere worker of marvels with his wooden sword, a jumper in and out of windows, as upon our theatre, but, as his party-coloured jacket implies, a buffoon or clown, whose mouth, far from being eternally closed, as amongst us, is filled, like that of Touchstone, with quips, and cranks, and witty devices, very often delivered extempore. It is not easy to trace how he became possessed of his black vizard, which was anciently made in the resemblance of the face of a cat; but it seems that the mask was essential to the performance of the character, as will appear from the following theatrical anecdote:—

"An actor on the Italian stage permitted at the Foire du St Germain, in Paris, was renowned for the wild, venturous, and extravagant wit, the brilliant sallies and fortunate repartees, with which he prodigally seasoned the character of the party-coloured jester. Some critics, whose good-will towards a favourite performer was stronger than their judgment, took occasion to remonstrate with the successful actor on the subject of the grotesque vizard. They went wilily to their purpose, observing that his classical and attic wit, his delicate vein of humour, his happy turn for dialogue, were rendered burlesque and ludicrous by this unmeaning and bizarre disguise, and that *those attributes* would become far more impressive, if aided *by the spirit of his eye and the expression of his natural features.* The actor's vanity was easily so far engaged as to in-

duce him to make the experiment. He played Harlequin barefaced, but was considered on all hands as having made a total failure. He had lost the audacity which a sense of incognito bestowed, and with it all the reckless play of raillery which gave vivacity to his original acting. He cursed his advisers, and resumed his grotesque vizard; but, it is said, without ever being able to regain the careless and successful levity which the consciousness of the disguise had formerly bestowed.

"Perhaps the Author of Waverley is now about to incur a risk of the same kind, and endanger his popularity by having laid aside his incognito. It is certainly not a voluntary experiment, like that of Harlequin; for it was my original intention never to have avowed these works during my lifetime, and the original manuscripts were carefully preserved, (though by the care of others rather than mine,) with the purpose of supplying the necessary evidence of the truth when the period of announcing it should arrive. But the affairs of my publishers having unfortunately passed into a management different from their own, I had no right any longer to rely upon secrecy in that quarter; and thus my mask, like my Aunt Dinah's in "Tristram Shandy," having begun to wax a little threadbare about the chin, it became time to lay it aside with a good grace, unless I desired it should fall in pieces from my face, which was now become likely.

"Yet I had not the slightest intention of selecting the time and place in which the disclosure was finally made; nor was there any concert betwixt my learned and respected friend Lord Meadowbank and myself upon that occasion. It was, as the reader is probably aware, upon the 23d February last, at a public meeting, called for establishing a professional Theatrical Fund in Edinburgh, that the communication took place. Just before we sat down to table, Lord Meadowbank* asked me, privately, whether I was still anxious to preserve my incognito on the subject of what were called the Waverley Novels? I did not immediately see the purpose of his Lordship's question, although I certainly might have been led to infer it, and replied that the secret had now of necessity become known to so many people that I was indifferent on the subject. Lord Meadowbank was thus induced, while doing me the great honour of proposing my health to the meeting, to say something on the subject of these Novels, so strongly connecting them with me as the author, that by remaining silent, I must have stood convicted, either of the actual paternity, or of the still greater crime of being supposed willing to receive indirectly praise to which I had no just title. I thus found myself suddenly and unexpectedly placed in the confessional, and had only time to recollect that I had been guided thither by a most friendly hand, and could not, perhaps, find a better public opportunity to lay

* One of the Supreme Judges of Scotland, termed Lords of Council and Session.

down a disguise, which began to resemble that of a detected masquerader.

"I had therefore the task of avowing myself, to the numerous and respectable company assembled, as the sole and unaided author of these Novels of Waverley, the paternity of which was likely at one time to have formed a controversy of some celebrity, for the ingenuity with which some instructors of the public gave their assurance on the subject, was extremely persevering. I now think it further necessary to say, that while I take on myself all the merits and demerits attending these compositions, I am bound to acknowledge with gratitude, hints of subjects and legends which I have received from various quarters, and have occasionally used as a foundation of my fictitious compositions, or woven up with them in the shape of episodes. I am bound, in particular, to acknowledge the unremitting kindness of Mr Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dumfries, to whose unwearied industry I have been indebted for many curious traditions, and points of antiquarian interest. It was Mr Train who brought to my recollection the history of Old Mortality, although I myself had had a personal interview with that celebrated wanderer so far back as about 1792, when I found him on his usual task. He was then engaged in repairing the gravestones of the Covenanters who had died while imprisoned in the Castle of Dunnottar, to which many of them were committed prisoners at the period of Argyle's rising; their place of confinement is still called the Whigs' Vault. Mr Train, however, procured for me far more extensive information concerning this singular person, whose name was Patterson, than I had been able to acquire during my own short conversation with him.* He was (as I think I have somewhere already stated) a native of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, and it is believed that domestic affliction, as well as devotional feeling, induced him to commence the wandering mode of life, which he pursued for a very long period. It is more than twenty years since Robert Patterson's death, which took place on the high-road near Lockerby, where he was found exhausted and expiring. The white pony, the companion of his pilgrimage, was standing by the side of its dying master; the whole furnishing a scene not unfitted for the pencil. These particulars I had from Mr Train.

"Another debt, which I pay most willingly, I owe to an unknown correspondent (a lady),† who favoured me with the history of the upright and high-principled female, whom, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, I have termed Jeanie Deans. The circumstance of her refusing to save her sister's life by an act of perjury, and undertaking a pilgrimage to London to obtain her pardon, are both represented as true by my fair and obliging

* See, for some further particulars, the notes to *Old Mortality*, in the present collective edition.

† The late Mrs Goldie.

correspondent; and they led me to consider the possibility of rendering a fictitious personage interesting by mere dignity of mind and rectitude of principle, assisted by unpretending good sense and temper, without any of the beauty, grace, talent, accomplishment, and wit, to which a heroine of romance is supposed to have a prescriptive right. If the portrait was received with interest by the public, I am conscious how much it was owing to the truth and force of the original sketch, which I regret that I am unable to present to the public, as it was written with much feeling and spirit.

Old and odd books, and a considerable collection of family legends, formed another quarry, so ample, that it was much more likely that the strength of the labourer should be exhausted, than that materials should fail. I may mention, for example's sake, that the terrible catastrophe of the *Bride of Lammermoor* actually occurred in a Scottish family of rank. The female relative, by whom the melancholy tale was communicated to me many years since, was a near connexion of the family in which the event happened, and always told it with an appearance of melancholy mystery, which enhanced the interest. She had known, in her youth, the brother who rode before the unhappy victim to the fatal altar, who, though then a mere boy, and occupied almost entirely with the gaiety of his own appearance in the bridal procession, could not but remark that the hand of his sister was moist, and cold as that of a statue. It is unnecessary further to withdraw the veil from this scene of family distress, nor, although it occurred more than a hundred years since, might it be altogether agreeable to the representatives of the families concerned in the narrative. It may be proper to say, that the events alone are imitated; but I had neither the means nor intention of copying the manners, or tracing the characters, of the persons concerned in the real story.

"Indeed, I may here state generally, that although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life. It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen to my pen in such works as *Waverley*, and those which followed it. But I have always studied to generalize the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal feature, inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. Thus, the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, in the *Antiquary*, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakspeare, and other in-

valuable favours; but I thought I had so completely the likeness, that his features could not be recognised one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed, I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman of the few surviving friends of my father,* and an acquaintance had said, upon the appearance of the work, that he was convinced who was the author of it, as he recognised the Antiquary of Monkbarns, traces of the character of a intimate friend of my father's family.

"I may here also notice, that the sort of exchange of Bradwardine and Colonel Talbot, is a literal fact. The circumstances of the anecdote, alike honourable to both parties, are these:—

"Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle,—a name which I write without the warmest recollections of gratitude to a friend of my childhood, who first introduced me to the lands, their traditions, and their manners,—had been actively in the troubles of 1745. As he charged at the head of Preston with his clan, the Stewarts of Appine, he was opposed by an officer of the opposite army standing alone by a battery of cannon, of which he discharged three on the advancing Highlanders, and then drew his sword. Invernahyle rushed forward and required him to surrender. "Never to rebels!" was his undaunted reply, accompanied with a lunge, which the Highlander received on his target; but instead of using his sword, he cutting down his now defenceless antagonist, he employed a parrying the blow of a Lochaber axe, aimed at the head of the Miller, one of his own followers, a grim-looking Highlander, whom I remember to have seen. Thus overpowered, Lieutenant Colonel Allan Whitefoord, a gentleman of consequence, as well as a brave officer, gave up his sword with it his purse and watch, which Invernahyle accepted of from his followers. After the affair was over, the Highlander sought out his prisoner, and they were introduced to each other by the celebrated John Roy Stewart, who acquainted Colonel Whitefoord with the quality of his captor, and made him aware of the necessity of receiving back his sword, which he was inclined to leave in the hands into which he had fallen. So great became the confidence established between them, that Invernahyle obtained from the Chevalier his freedom upon parole; and soon afterwards, having returned back to the Highlands to raise men, he visited Colonel Whitefoord at his own house, and spent two happy days with his Whig friends, without thinking, on either side, of the war which was then raging.

* James Chalmers, Esq. solicitor at law, London, who died during the publication of the present edition of these Novels. (Aug. 1831.)

"When the battle of Culloden put an end to the hopes of Charles Edward, Invernahyle, wounded and unable to move, was borne from the field by the faithful zeal of his retainers. But, as he had been a distinguished Jacobite, his family and property were exposed to the system of vindictive destruction, too generally carried into execution through the country of the insurgents. It was now Colonel Whitefoord's turn to exert himself, and he wearied all the authorities, civil and military, with his solicitations for pardon to the saver of his life, or at least for a protection for his wife and family. His applications were for a long time unsuccessful: "I was found with the mark of the Beast upon me in every list," was Invernahyle's expression. At length Colonel Whitefoord applied to the Duke of Cumberland, and urged his suit with every argument which he could think of. Being still repulsed, he took his commission from his bosom, and, having said something of his own and his family's exertions in the cause of the House of Hanover, begged to resign his situation in their service, since he could not be permitted to show his gratitude to the person to whom he owed his life. The Duke, struck with his earnestness, desired him to take up his commission, and granted the protection required for the family of Invernahyle.

"The Chieftain himself lay concealed in a cave near his own house, before which a small body of regular soldiers were encamped. He could hear their muster-roll called every morning, and their drums beat to quarters at night, and not a change of the sentinels escaped him. As it was suspected that he was lurking somewhere on the property, his family were closely watched, and compelled to use the utmost precaution in supplying him with food. One of his daughters, a child of eight or ten years old, was employed as the agent least likely to be suspected. She was an instance among others, that a time of danger and difficulty creates a premature sharpness of intellect. She made herself acquainted among the soldiers, till she became so familiar to them, that her motions escaped their notice; and her practice was, to stroll away into the neighbourhood of the cave, and leave what slender supply of food she carried for that purpose under some remarkable stone, or the root of some tree, where her father might find it as he crept by night from his lurking-place. Times became milder, and my excellent friend was relieved from proscription by the Act of Indemnity. Such is the interesting story which I have rather injured than improved, by the manner in which it is told in Waverley.

"This incident, with several other circumstances illustrating the Tales in question, was communicated by me to my late lamented friend, William Erskine, (a Scottish Judge, by the title of Lord Kinnedder,) who afterwards reviewed with far too much partiality the Tales of My Landlord, for the *Quarterly Review* of January 1817.* In the same article, are contained other il-

* Lord Kinnedder died in August 1822. Eheu! (Aug. 1831.)

illustrations of the Novels, with which I supplied my accomplished friend, who took the trouble to write the review. The reader who is desirous of such information, will find the original of Meg Merrilees, and I believe of one or two other personages of the same cast of character, in the article referred to.

"I may also mention, that the tragic and savage circumstances which are represented as preceding the birth of Allan Mac-Aulay, in the Legend of Montrose, really happened in the family of Stewart of Ardvourlich. The wager about the candlesticks, whose place was supplied by Highland torch-bearers, was laid and won by one of the MacDonalds of Keppoch.

"There can be but little amusement in winnowing out the few grains of truth which are contained in this mass of empty fiction. I may, however, before dismissing the subject, allude to the various localities which have been affixed to some of the scenery introduced into these Novels, by which, for example, Wolf's-Hope is identified with Fast-Castle in Berwickshire,—Tillietudlem with Draphane in Clydesdale,—and the valley in the Monastery, called Glendearg, with the dale of the river Allan, above Lord Somerville's villa, near Melrose. I can only say, that, in these and other instances, I had no purpose of describing any particular local spot; and the resemblance must therefore be that of that general kind which necessarily exists between scenes of the same character. The iron-bound coast of Scotland affords upon its headlands and promontories fifty such castles as Wolf's-Hope; every county has a valley more or less resembling Glendearg; and if castles like Tillietudlem, or mansions like the Baron of Bradwardine's, are now less frequently to be met with, it is owing to the rage of indiscriminate destruction, which has removed or ruined so many monuments of antiquity, when they were not protected by their inaccessible situation.*

"The scraps of poetry which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these Novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the storm by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and, when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that, in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to. In some cases, I have been entertained when Dr Watts and other graver authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.

"And now the reader may expect me while in the *confessional*, to explain the motives why I have so long persisted in

* I would particularly intimate the Kaim of Urie, on the eastern coast of Scotland, as having suggested an idea for the tower called Wolf's-Crag, which the public more generally identified with the ancient tower of Fast-Castle.

disclaiming the works of which I am now writing. To this it would be difficult to give any other reply, save that of Corporal Nym—It was the author's humour or caprice for the time. I hope it will not be construed into ingratitude to the public, to whose indulgence I have owed my SANG FROID much more than to any merit of my own, if I confess that I am, and have been, more indifferent to success, or to failure, as an author, than may be the case with others, who feel more strongly the passion for literary fame, probably because they are justly conscious of a better title to it. It was not until I had attained the age of thirty years that I made any serious attempt at distinguishing myself as an author; and at that period, men's hopes, desires, and wishes, have usually acquired something of a decisive character, and are not eagerly and easily diverted into a new channel. When I made the discovery,—for to me it was one,—that by amusing myself with composition, which I felt a delightful occupation, I could also give pleasure to others, and became aware that literary pursuits were likely to engage in future a considerable portion of my time, I felt some alarm that I might acquire those habits of jealousy and fretfulness which have lessened, and even degraded, the character even of great authors, and rendered them, by their petty squabbles and mutual irritability, the laughing-stock of the people of the world. I resolved, therefore, in this respect to guard my breast, perhaps an unfriendly critic may add, my brow, with triple brass,* and as much as possible to avoid resting my thoughts and wishes upon literary success, lest I should endanger my own peace of mind and tranquillity by literary failure. It would argue either stupid apathy, or ridiculous affectation, to say that I have been insensible to public applause, when I have been honoured with its testimonies; and still more highly do I prize the invaluable friendships which some temporary popularity has enabled me to form among those of my contemporaries most distinguished by talent and genius, and which I venture to hope now rest upon a basis more firm than the circumstances which gave rise to them. Yet feeling all these advantages as a man ought to do, and must do, I may say, with truth and confidence, that I have, I think, tasted of the intoxicating cup with moderation, and that I have never, either in conversation or correspondence, encouraged discussions respecting my own literary pursuits. On the contrary, I have usually found such topics, even when introduced from motives most flattering to myself, rather embarrassing and disagreeable.

"I have now frankly told my motives for concealment, so far as I am conscious of having any, and the public will forgive the egotism of the detail, as what is necessarily connected with it. The author, so long and loudly called for, has appeared on the stage, and made his obeisance to the audience. Thus far his conduct is a mark of respect. To linger in their presence would be intrusion.

* Not altogether impossible, when it is considered that I have been, at the best, since 1792. (Aug. 1831.)

"I have only to repeat, that I avow myself in print, as formerly in words, the sole and unassisted author of all the Novels published as works of the "Author of Waverley." I do this without shame, for I am unconscious that there is any thing in their composition which deserves reproach, either on the score of religion or morality; and without any feeling of exultation, because, whatever may have been their temporary success, I am well aware how much their reputation depends upon the caprice of fashion; and I have already mentioned the precarious tenure by which it is held, as a reason for displaying no great avidity in grasping at the possession.

"I ought to mention, before concluding, that twenty persons, at least, were, either from intimacy or from the confidence which circumstances rendered necessary, participant of this secret; and as there was no instance, to my knowledge, of any one of the number breaking faith, I am the more obliged to them, because the slight and trivial character of the mystery was not qualified to inspire much respect in those intrusted with it. Nevertheless, like Jack the Giant-Killer, I was fully confident in the advantage of my "Coat of Darkness," and had it not been from compulsory circumstances, I would have indeed been very cautious how I parted with it.

"As for the work which follows, it was meditated, and in part printed, long before the avowal of the Novels took place, and originally commenced with a declaration that it was neither to have introduction nor preface of any kind. This long proem, prefixed to a work intended not to have any, may, however, serve to show how human purposes, in the most trifling, as well as the most important affairs, are liable to be controlled by the course of events. Thus, we begin to cross a strong river with our eyes and our resolution fixed on that point of the opposite shore, on which we purpose to land; but, gradually giving way to the torrent, are glad, by the aid perhaps of branch or bush, to extricate ourselves at some distant and perhaps dangerous landing-place, much farther down the stream than that on which we had fixed our intentions.

"Hoping that the Courteous Reader will afford to a known and familiar acquaintance some portion of the favour which he extended to a disguised candidate for his applause, I beg leave to subscribe myself his humble servant, &c."

Having given something like a chronological list of Sir Walter Scott's writings, and passing over many of them "without note or comment," we now approach the period when he was to bid an everlasting adieu to the pains and pleasures of literature.

During the summer of 1831 his disorder gradually increased, and his placid and benevolent temper became peevish and irritable; the kind look, and the smile of welcome, were exchanged for the distortion

occasioned by acute suffering; and those friends who had formerly experienced nothing but delight in his society, now almost feared to approach him. In the autumn his physicians recommended a more genial climate, and Italy was resolved on as the place of his sojourn during the winter months. To this arrangement he felt strong aversion, fearing that he might die far from his beloved Scotland, whose inhabitants he had delighted, and whose soil he had rendered classic, adding yet another proof, if proofs were wanting, that love of country was his ruling passion; and that that passion was as strong, when the hand of death was upon him, as when, in the height of health and the vigour of manhood, he sang of the—

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood;
Land of my sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

He was at length prevailed on to comply; and by the good offices of Captain Basil Hall, he obtained a passage in His Majesty's ship "Barham," which was then fitting out for Malta, previous to embarkation for a foreign shore. The following affecting passage was appended to his fourth series of the Tales of my Landlord. Alas! they were destined to be the last words he should ever address to his countrymen—to the world!

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he had already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed, on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner

than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the author of 'Waverley' has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

On the 27th of October 1832, Sir Walter Scott sailed from Portsmouth in the *Barham*; and after a very pleasant passage, and with somewhat improved health, he arrived at Malta. After a short residence on this romantic islet, he sailed for Naples, where he arrived on the 27th of December. During the voyage, our interesting valetudinary enjoyed the filial attentions of his elder son, and the delicate ministrations of his younger daughter.

"Oh woman! in our hours of ease,
Thou'rt fickle coy, and hard to please;
When care and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

At Naples he was joined by his younger son, who is connected with the British Legation in that city. The reigning monarch, to whom he was introduced, on the 12th of January, paid him marked attention, and gave orders that every assistance should be afforded him in exploring the neighbouring ruins of Pompeii. All ranks of men, from the prince to the peasant, vied with each other in paying homage to the illustrious stranger. In April he proceeded to Rome, which he entered on the 21st, and here, also, he was received with every mark of attention and respect.

Ever active; so far as depreciated health would permit, he inspected the curiosities of this far-famed city with great attention; visited Tivoli, Albani, and Frascati, and no doubt gazed on the remains of Roman grandeur with enthusiasm; but in the midst of these new and interesting scenes, the tide of his health and remaining strength was rapidly ebbing, and he formed the resolution of returning to the land of his birth, in order to mingle his ashes with those of his much loved country. His journey was by far too rapidly performed for his strength; we are told by the prints of the day, that he travelled seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, and the consequence was, that he experienced an attack of his malady, in descending the Rhine, which, but for the promptitude of his servant, who bled him profusely, would have carried him off. On his arrival in London he was conveyed to St James' Hotel, and immediately attended by Sir Henry Hallford and Dr Holland. Mr and Mrs Lockhart, of course, were also incessant in their attendance; but, alas! all human efforts were vain, death had already marked him for his own; that mighty mind which glowed with all the nobler passions of our nature, had become a blank, and that eye which ere while could gaze with rapture on the face of nature, had ceased to recognize the nearest and dearest relatives. After lingering for a few weeks in London, attended by the most eminent medical skill, and the most affectionate filial piety, the dying poet expressed a wish, that if possible he might be removed to Scotland—to his own home. His children resolved to gratify the wishes of their venerated parent,—even although there might be some danger of accelerating his death by the fatigues of a sea passage. Accordingly, on the 7th of July he left London; and arriving at Newhaven on the evening of the 9th, was conveyed with all possible care to a hotel, in his "own romantic town." After spending two nights and a day in Edinburgh, he was removed, on the morning of the 11th, to Abbotsford.*

* This celebrated mansion, like the shrines of antiquity, will attract multitudes of pilgrims from every nation. Its consecrated precincts have already been approached by the feet of genius, and

"That intense love of country," says Mr Chambers, "which had urged his return from the Continent, here seemed to dispel for a moment the clouds of the mental atmosphere. In descending the vale

orisons, such as the following, have been offered up, ere the spirit of the mighty departed!—

Spirits! Intelligences! Passions! Dreams!
 Ghosts! Genii! Sprites!
 Muses that haunt the Heliconian streams!
 Inspiring lights!
 Whose intellectual fires, in Scott combined,
 Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind.
 Ye who have e'er informed and over wrought
 His teeming soul,
 Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought
 From pole to pole;
 Enlightening others till itself grew dark,—
 A midnight heaven without one stary spark.
 Spirits of earth and air—of light and gloom!
 Awake! arise!
 Restore the victim ye have made—relume
 His darkling eyes.
 Wizards? be all your magic skill unfurled
 To charm to health the charmer of the world.
 The scabbard by its sword outworn—repair—
 Give to his lips
 Their lore, than Chrysostoms more rich and rare;
 Dispel the eclipse
 That intercepts his intellectual light,
 And saddens all mankind with tears and night,
 Not only for the Bard of highest worth,
 But best of men,
 Do I invoke ye, powers of heaven and earth!
 Oh! where and when
 Shall we again behold his counter part—
 Such kindred excellence of head and heart?
 So good and great—benevolent as wise—
 On his high throne
 How meekly hath he born his faculties!
 How finely shown
 A model to the irritable race,
 Of generous kindness, courtesy and grace!
 If he *must* die, how great to perish thus
 In glory's blaze;
 A world in requiem unanimous
 Weeping his praise;
 While angels wait to catch his parting breath,—
 Who would not give his life for such a death?

of Gala, at the bottom of which the view of Abbotsford first opens, it was found difficult to keep him quiet in his carriage, so anxious was he to rear himself up, in order to catch an early glimpse of the beloved scene. On arriving at his house, he hardly recognised any body or any thing. He looked vacantly on all the objects that met his gaze, except the well-remembered visage of his friend Laidlaw, whose hand he affectionately pressed, murmuring, 'that *now* he knew he was at Abbotsford.' He was here attended by most of the members of his family, including Mr Lockhart, while the general superintendence of his death-bed (now too certainly such) was committed to Dr Clarkson of Melrose. For two months he lingered in a state of almost total insensibility and mental deprivation, sometimes raving frantically, as if he supposed himself to be exercising the functions of a judge, but in general quite low and subdued. On one occasion he slept the uncommonly long period of twenty-seven hours; and it was hoped that, on awaking, there might be some change for the better. But in this hope his anxious friends were disappointed. He was now arrived at that melancholy state, when the friends of the patient can form no more affectionate wish than that death may step in to claim his own. Yet day after day did the remnants of a robust constitution continue to hold out against the gloomy foe of life, until, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, mortification commenced at several parts of the body. This was about twelve days before his demise, which at length took place on the 21st of September, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon; the principle of life having been by that time so thoroughly worn out, that nothing remained by which pain could be either experienced or expressed."

Thus the brightest luminary in the firmament of letters is hid from this lower world, or rather the gross material part is removed, for the light of his heaven-born genius remains unquenchable, to attract the admiration of all succeeding ages.

The general voice of the civilized world has declared that Sir Walter Scott had not only no equal, but no rival in that department of literature which his genius raised into dignity. In poetry, though his powers were great, and his productions brilli-

and charming, there were at least two of his contemporaries who soared higher than he. He had too much imagination, and too little time or patience, to excel greatly in history, which requires cool judgment, and indefatigable research. But in those admirable works of fiction, known by the name of the *Waverley Novels*, he displayed exalted genius, and they will carry down his fame as long as our language is preserved. The art of Sir Walter Scott bore as near a resemblance to that of the *painter* as of the poet. Byron has somewhere said,—

“Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.”

The same thing may be said of painters, and of no man with greater truth than of Sir Walter Scott, who was a transcendant master of the art, though he never used pencil or pallet. The grand faculties of his mind were those which must equally distinguish the painter—observation and *delineation*. Add to these *invention*, which should distinguish both the painter and the poet, and we have the leading features of that wonderful mind, which gathered its stores from every field of nature, every class of human character, every page of authentic, or of fabulous history, and almost every department of letters, and again poured them forth in profusion, in the happiest and most picturesque combinations, coloured with a rich yet chaste imagination, and set off with a fertile wit, for the delight and instruction of mankind. Sir Walter Scott, like Homer, Shakspeare and Raphael, was the *copyist of nature*; yet only in the sense of collecting all his *materials* from nature; there was nothing servile in his imitation; he did, indeed, paint innumerable *portraits*, rich and glowing as those of Titian, and full of character as those of Teniers and Hogarth; but in general he may be said to have imbued his mind with the *principles* and elements of human and external nature, and to have worked them up into such forms of narrative and description as his glowing fancy suggested. His knowledge of mankind was profound and most extensive; and his *power of delineating* character, and expressing human feeling and passion, has perhaps never been excelled, if even equalled. His range was wide as the world; all ranks, from the prince to the mendicant;

all grades of intellect, and every variety and degree of attainment, from the greatest and wisest, to the most stupid of men; all professions and pursuits—the courtier, soldier, lawyer, citizen, antiquary, peasant, robber, smuggler and buffoon;—all the passions by which men are actuated, from the sternest and fiercest to the most tender and gentle; all the moods of humour to which cultivated or uncultivated minds are subject;—in fine, all the springs of action or feeling in the human breast, seemed as familiar to him, and were as faithfully represented in his “pictured page,” as could have been the members of his own domestic circle. Who can ever forget his Elizabeth, his Brian de Bois Guilbert, his Leicester, his Baillie Nicol Jarvie, his Mr Pleydell, his Monkbarns, or Baron Bradwardine, his Balfour of Burly, Claverhouse—Meg Merrilies—Rebecca—Flora—Dirk Hattiraick—his Edie Ochiltree—his Jeanie Deans? All these, and many others, are full-length characters, as strongly impressed upon, as thoroughly understood by every one who has read the Waverley novels, as the features, figure and character of his most intimate friend. Sir Walter has peopled the imaginations and memories of millions with his own immortal creations. His natural taste for the chivalrous and romantic, for legends and superstitions, for the picturesque and the humorous, is clearly manifested by the classes of character which most generally prevail in his writings; that taste was likely to make his novels in the highest degree popular, because such characters and incidents as the author delighted in are most captivating to the imagination of readers: yet he succeeded almost equally in portraying almost every other walk of life. Unlike Byron, who always “drew from himself,” his versatility was unbounded; like Shakspeare, he was equally at home with the clown and the sage; and like that great dramatist, he—

“Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.”

In his invention of new worlds, however, he scarcely approached the felicity of Shakspeare, whose fairies and witches are as immortal as his heroes.

In his descriptions of scenery, especially of the wilder and more romantic kind, Sir Walter has no competitor. They are often elaborate, yet never fatiguing; every stroke adds to the effect of his landscapes, and he dwells on the features of nature with the fond admiration of an enthusiast. The wild glens of the Highlands, the castle crags of the sea coast, the renowned fortresses of Sc

land and England, the romantic vallies of Switzerland, the forests of France and Flanders, have by his tales been made perfectly familiar to the stationary citizen. Some of his night scenes are intensely interesting; his descriptions of storms pre-eminently grand. The marine view in the Antiquary, when the storm is gathering, is probably unequalled. Nor is he less eminent in his narrative description of battles, forays, tournaments, perilous adventures, pageants and revelry. He carries his reader along through the uproar and whirl of those events, never letting the interest flag, or the wheels of time roll heavily. Such scenes as the burning of the goal in Guy Mannerling, the destruction of the tolbooth in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, the tournament and the storming of Front de Beouf's castle in Ivanhoe, and the battles in Waverley and Old Mortality, can never be effaced from the memory. One of the greatest merits of these immortal fictions is, that they elevated the public taste above the sentimental, bombastic, mysterious and inane romances, which had, with some honourable exceptions, been the only productions of that department of literature for half a century. The manly tone, and healthful feeling of Sir Walter Scott's tales, the knowledge of the world and superior scholarship which they display, at once commanded the attention of the literary world, and betokened the rise of a new and better æra in this department of letters. They are totally free from the enervating influence of some of the old romances, and the polluting effect of others. Their general tone is decidedly favourable to morality, and calculated to promote the best feelings of our nature. On the score of religion they are not so unexceptionable; in a few of the tales, where the scenes are placed in the times of our Covenanting forefather and the English puritans, there is a lavish use of Scripture in the most ludicrous combinations.

It is pleaded that this is the kind of language used by the Covenanters and puritans; but we reply that Sir Walter has done great injustice to the characters of those high-minded champions of civil and religious liberty. In several instances he has caricatured their austerity, misrepresented their mode of using Scripture language, and left out of view the pure and ardent piety by which many of them were distinguished. Some instances there undoubtedly were of fanaticism and hypocrisy, but he has raised the exception into the rule, and whilst he has caricatured the piety of the Covenanters, he has glossed over

the boundless licentiousness and profanity of their accomplished, but cruel, oppressors. But gold has its alloy, and gems have their flaws. The mightiest minds have been biassed by acquired partialities; nay, the orthodoxy of even a Newton has been suspected. It has been objected to the Scottish novels, that they do not instruct, they only amuse. True, they point no particular moral; they neither sound the depths of the human heart like Anastasius, nor institute curious metaphysical rescarches into the mysteries of mind, like Caleb Williams and St Leon; still they are instructive, and after the best fashion, inasmuch as they teach us to rely on our own resources; to do our duty to ourselves and to society, and trust confidently to time and circumstances for the result. Happiness is the best philosophy. He who, by multiplying the sources of innocent enjoyment, makes his readers happier than he found them, assuredly makes them wiser too. In this sense, therefore, the author of "Waverley" may be regarded as one of the most instructive writers of the day. Some grave scholars, however, and profound metaphysicians, will, we know, scout this assertion as mere hyperbole. But let these wondrous luminaries reflect but an instant on the vast variety of mind that has been lavished on the Waverley tales;—let them consider the power of invention—the knowledge of character—the vigour of fancy—the graceful learning, with the unrivalled facility of applying it—the pathos—the judgment—the graphic energy—the fertile humour that they exhibit;—and then learn to rate at their fitting worth, those faculties which art, education and study, can give, and which they do give to thousands; and those which nature only can supply, and which, like a niggard mistress, she bestows but on one or two chosen favourites, at the utmost, during the long lapse of centuries. We have among us, and always have had, and probably always shall have, whole shoals of lawyers, statesmen, heroes, essayists, critics, divines, philosophers, philologists, and so forth, but universal Europe can boast of but one Cervantes, one Le Sage, one Fielding, one Scott. And the last and most illustrious of these has but just now departed from among us! The home that knew him shall henceforth know him no more;—the world that was "witched with his *glamourie*" shall derive no more—(or at least no *fresh*) enjoyment for its display;—for Prospero's wand is broken—his magic book is buried—and the great enchanter himself is now nothing but a name. Yet what

name ! how full of glory ! how pregnant with inspiration ! While Tweed rolls on to the ocean—while Benlomond lifts its bald forehead to heaven, while the breeze whistles round the bleak crags where dwelt the last of the Ravenswoods, thy name, first and most glorious of Scotsmen, shall be imperishable !

I cannot conclude more appropriately, than by enriching this compilation with the following exquisite stanzas from the pen of my talented friend, John Malcolm, Esq.—

The earth hath lost her brightest star—
A glorious light is gone,
That nations worshipped from afar—
A mighty spirit flown !
So great—so good—the common lot
Of all beneath the sky,
Seemed not for him—we had forgot
That such as he could die.

Though some far blazing orb of space,
Amid yon starry host,
Were blotted from its shining place—
A radiant wanderer lost ;—
Unmourned—unmissed on earth's dim shore
Would be the glory gone,—
Along the skies, while millions more
Still blazed as brightly on.

But of thy spirit-light bereft,
That blest all human kind,
A waste and dreary wood is left
Amid the world of mind ;
Its loveliest dreams with thee expire—
It darkens with thy doom,
And hath no Promethean fire
That may such light relume.

A Babel of the boundless sea,
And with the blue sky blent,
E'en cloud-capped Teneriffe were for thee
Too mean a monument ;—
The haughty temple soars to shine
The glory that departs,
But the great globe itself is thine,
With all its human hearts.

Earth's towers and trophies shall decay—
Their tomb oblivion be—
The pyramids shall pale away
From their eternity.
But never shall thy fame grow wan—
Thy glory ne'er expire,
Till perish every trace of man,
In Nature's funeral fire !

APPENDIX.

FUNERAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ON Wednesday, 24th September, 1832, the mortal remains of Sir Walter Scott were consigned to the tomb, amid the unfeigned regret of thousands. Never, perhaps, was the esteem in which this truly great man was held more conspicuously displayed than on this melancholy occasion. Cards of invitation had been issued to nearly three hundred persons, who almost all attended. One o'clock was the hour fixed on for the time of meeting, and for about an hour afterwards, carriages of different kinds, and gentlemen on horseback, continued to arrive from Edinburgh, Peebles, Selkirk, Galashiels, Melrose, Jedburgh, and other parts of the surrounding country.

The company having partaken of refreshments, adjourned to the library, where they heard an eloquent and affecting prayer from Principal Baird; and a little after two o'clock the melancholy procession, consisting of carriages, numerous other vehicles and horsemen began to move from Abbotsford, and proceeded through the towns of Darnick and Melrose, and by the Fly Bridge to Dryburgh Abbey. As the long funeral train passed through the villages and hamlets, one universal feeling of deep sorrow pervaded all classes.—Groups of people were assembled at different parts of the road, and on elevated points from which a view could be obtained. Most of them were in mourning, and many standing uncovered. The decency, propriety, and reverential silence which was observed gave a very impressive character to the scene. In passing through the towns, those respectful observances were still more striking. The streets at Melrose were lined on both sides with the inhabitants in mourning, and uncovered. The shops of this and other towns were shut; the sign boards were covered with black; the aged and the lame came forth to pay their last tribute to departed worth; and along the many miles of picturesque country which the procession had to traverse, the ensigns of sorrow were everywhere displayed; these were the unbought and voluntary testimonies to the private testimonies of the deceased, from those among whom he had lived, and by whom he was best known. At Dryburgh Abbey, the body, on being taken from the hearse, was borne by his own domestics to the grave, they having specially requested that no hand of a stranger should be allowed to touch the remains of a master so much honoured and beloved. The pall bearers were—

HEAD.

Major Sir Walter Scott.

RIGHT.

Charles Scott, Esq.
Second Son of Deceased.
Charles Scott, Esq.
Nesbitt, Cousin.
William Scott, Esq.
of Raeburn, Cousin.
Col. Russell,
of Ashiesteel, Cousin.

LEFT.

J. G. Lockhart, Esq.
Son-in-law of Deceased.
James Scott, Esq.
Nesbitt, Cousin.
Robert Rutherford Esq.
W. S. Cousin.
Hugh Scott, Esq.
of Harden.

FOOT.

William Keith, Esq. of Edinburgh.

A grandson of Sir Walter Scott, a son of Mr Lockhart, was also present.

Before the body was committed to the earth, the English Burial Service was read by the Rev. J. Williams, Rector of the Edinburgh Academy. A little past five in the afternoon, the last offices were performed. The effect of the scene was at this time impressive, far beyond what any words can convey; and in considering the genius and intellectual powers of the deceased, his wit, his eloquence, his fancy, his own beautiful words naturally recurred to the mind—

“ They sleep with him who sleeps below.”

The spot in which Sir Walter Scott is laid is in the north wing of the splendid ruin of Dryburgh Abbey, now, alas! containing a more splendid ruin than itself. Here is laid the body of Lady Scott, and also that of his uncle. The situation is secluded and romantic, and quite congenial to all the ideas of the deceased.

MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

One of the largest assemblages of gentlemen that ever met within the walls of the Great Assembly Room, and certainly the most conspicuous in respect of rank and talent, which ever assembled in Edinburgh on any public occasion, took place on Friday the 6th October, for the purpose of doing honour to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, and of taking measures for the erection of some lasting monument of the gratitude and imperishable esteem of his fellow-countrymen. On the platform were noblemen and gentlemen of all political parties, among whom were the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl of Roseberry, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Meadowbank, the Lord Advocate, the Lord Justice-Clerk Register, Mr Adam, Accountant-General, Sir George Clerk, Sir J. Gibson-Craig, Sir William Rae, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir John Forbes, Sir G. Ballingall, Professor Wilson, Dr Cantor, Germany, Dr Lee, Mr Trotter of Dreg-horn, Professor Napier, Mr John Robinson, Mr William Allan, R.A., and many other gentlemen belonging to the clerical, the learned, and mercantile professions, whose names it would occupy too much space to enumerate.

On the motion of the Duke of Buccleuch, whose appearance was hailed with loud and enthusiastic cheers, the Lord Provost of the city was called upon to preside amid loud acclamations.

The Lord Provost said, he felt that to be associated in any respect with the name of Sir Walter Scott, was an honour of which any man might justly be proud; but now to be called upon to preside over a meeting of the friends and admirers of that illustrious man was far beyond his pretensions. At the same time, if he could make the office to which he had been called in any way instrumental in promoting the wishes of the meeting, he should feel exceedingly happy. Indeed, such a numerous assemblage as he now saw around him, afforded a sufficient proof, if any such had been wanting, of the public desire that some testimony of respect to the memory of the great individual they were now met to commemorate, should be raised in this his native city—

to hand down to posterity his great name, which stood on a foundation far more solid than stone and lime, but to testify the gratitude due by the age in which he lived to an individual who had raised the fame of his country beyond what any other individual had ever power to do—(Loud cheers.) Nor was the admiration of that great man's worth and genius confined to this meeting alone; for he, (the Lord Provost) had received innumerable letters from the members of the Peerage, and the gentry of the country, expressing their most cordial concurrence in the object for which it was assembled, many of whom also regretted that circumstances beyond their control had prevented them from being present and taking part in the proceedings. The object of this meeting being known to all present, he would leave it to others more able, though not more anxious than himself, to do justice to it in bringing forward the necessary resolutions.

The Duke of Buccleuch again rose amidst much cheering to propose the first resolution, and began by observing, that he felt great distrust of his own powers to do justice to the duty imposed upon him. He was but little accustomed to address such assemblages as that before him; indeed, he might say this was his first attempt to do so, and his diffidence in entering upon the task, was increased, from the consideration that no eloquence, no talents or genius, was adequate to or worthy of the subject—(Cheers.) There was no one, however, who entertained personally greater esteem for, or held in warmer regard the person to whose memory they were now met to pay a tribute of respect and gratitude, than he did. From his earliest infancy he had enjoyed the friendship of that great and illustrious man, and it gave him great pleasure to see present many who, though in public matters they differed in opinion, forgetting all topics of difference or disunion, cordially joined in tendering a universal tribute of respect to departed worth and talent—(Great cheering.) They were not met to pay respect to an author of ordinary celebrity; they were met to celebrate the memory of one whose talents and whose works were the most extraordinary which this country ever produced. Singular in themselves, there was none to compare with them—singular in themselves, there was none to equal them—(Loud cheers.) Sir Walter Scott, a native of this country, brought up in this city, and educated in its university, had portrayed the Scottish character in its true light, and painted the feelings and manners of the low as well as the high, of remote ages, as well as modern times, with a skill which no one else had possessed—(Cheers.) From his earliest youth he had given promise of that fancy and imagination so peculiar to himself, and which in his fuller years afforded so much sweet delight and instruction to his friends and his fellow-countrymen. Who could read his works and not see the spontaneous efforts of that mighty genius which had excited the admiration, not of his own country—not of Europe alone, but of every part of the civilized world—(Cheers.) Personal esteem for the great individual now deceased was not confined to this country. Go to foreign countries and they would find the same feelings prevail, wherever knowledge or a sense of worth prevailed. It would be needless for his Grace to enter into the particulars of Sir Walter Scott's public life—they were too well known to all present. As to his private life, those

who had lived with him at all hours and all seasons could only best judge of it. He was kind and affectionate to his relatives, firm and steady in his friendships—he never swerved from his duty, and always laboured for the welfare of his country. Throughout his whole works they could not find a single instance of immorality—no scoffing at religion—nor any thing that the most fastidious could wish to be altered—(Loud cheering.)—They were met here to testify their respect for this great man; but what public show—what monument could be erected equal to his own works—(Great cheers.) He had raised his monument. Look to the history of Rome and Greece, or other ancient countries! There the monuments erected to their great men are now mouldering in the dust; but are their names forgotten?—(Cheers.) No! the names of great men will be handed down to posterity when other monuments are past and gone. So would it be with the name of Sir Walter Scott, whose own works would be the strongest and most enduring monument of his imperishable fame—(Great cheering.) In many passages of his works they could trace the feelings and convictions of his own mind, though put into the mouths of others. His patriotism was not that of declamation; his love to his country was exhibited both in public and in private, and might be seen in every word or act of his life. What could be more beautiful, what more true, than his own words—

“Call it not vain; they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.”

(Great cheering.) He (the Duke) could almost fancy, that these words were realised by nature in the gloom of this day, and that the stones and walls of this city were as it were mourning their loss, and trying to pay the same marks of respect to the memory of the deceased that the company was now assembled to do there—(Loud cheers.) That feeling was not peculiar to them alone—nor to any class in the country. From the peasant to the monarch one universal feeling of sorrow was manifested for the loss of so great and illustrious an individual, and one of whom it might truly be said—“We ne’er shall look upon his like again!”—(Cheers.) After some judicious remarks on the earlier works of Sir Walter on his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and his poetry generally, his Grace proceeded to say, that there was no one more interested in the prosperity of his country, in its agricultural and general interests than Sir Walter Scott. His improvements at Abbotsford bore testimony to his zeal for the improvement of agriculture, and he (the Duke) could testify also that he himself had reaped much benefit from the friendly advices of the illustrious departed—(Cheers.) He would not trespass further on the patience of the meeting, and bespoke its indulgence for the very imperfect manner in which he had fulfilled the duty imposed upon him. He was aware that he had left many things unsaid, and many virtues unaccounted, which, had he been adequate to the task, he would have been most anxious to have done. He concluded by moving the first resolution, which was as follows:—

“That this meeting is impressed with sentiments of the highest admiration of the genius and talents of the late Sir Walter Scott.

whose matchless works have carried his fame into the remotest regions of the civilized world, and have reflected on the literature of his country a glory which seems destined to be as durable as the language in which they are written."

The Noble Duke sat down amidst loud and general cheers.

The Earl of Roseberry said, in rising to second the resolution just proposed by the Noble Duke, he was sensible that it was impossible for him to say any thing to add to the strength and power of the resolution itself, nor to the eloquent and powerful address by which the Noble Duke had accompanied the proposition; because the enthusiastic manner in which that proposition had been received, was not an enthusiasm of a momentary character, but one grounded on the best feelings of the heart, and directed by the soundest understanding—(Cheers.) They would allow him, however, to state, that he felt much self-gratulation in being considered worthy the honour of seconding the resolution. They would permit him, at the same time, to say, that he felt equally gratified with the Noble Duke in seeing so many gentlemen, who, on all other public questions, entertained strong differences of opinion and diversity of sentiment, uniting in one common feeling of respect and admiration of him who was the object of their meeting. He felt a just pride in being associated with the Noble Duke on this memorable occasion, where every individual present was more anxious than his neighbour to testify their general sorrow for the loss, to express their high sense of the merits and virtues, and to do honour to the talents and memory of their illustrious fellow-countryman. He felt that for him to attempt to say any thing on the subject, would be in effect rather to diminish than add to the feeling already produced; yet he could not help alluding to what the Noble Duke had adverted to—namely, that if there was any feature in the works of Sir Walter Scott, which was calculated to place him at the head of authors, and different from any other, it was that high morality which universally pervaded the whole—that in all Sir Walter Scott's works, whether of fiction or fancy—whether in the shape of poetry or novels, with which he had so long delighted and instructed the world—there was not a single page nor line on which the eye of purity might not rest—(cheers)—that there was in his whole works scarcely a single sentiment which was not calculated to instruct and improve human intellect—to add to the best feelings of human nature, and to purify the heart of man—(Loud cheering.) He would say, then, that no man had contributed more to that end than Sir Walter Scott—who would remain for ever and solitary—not to say a rare—instance, and splendid example, of an individual, possessed of powers and of genius surpassing all other men, dedicating that genius to instruct, to elevate, to dignify, and to adorn human nature—(Loud cheers.) And what could his country do for one combining such great powers with amiable dispositions, but to testify its sense of their dignity and worth by some memorial or other, adequate to his merit and to their own generous and deep seated feeling in regard to his worth. More they could not do; but this was due to themselves and their posterity. And they ought to avail themselves of the present opportunity to hold him up as a bright example for imitation; for few men of their day would pass by them of such singular dignity, genius, and worth. He cordially seconded the resolution—(Cheers.)

The Lord Advocate rose amidst great cheering, to propose the second Resolution. He said he certainly felt it a great honour to be thought worthy of taking any part on such an occasion. He felt, along with the Noble Earl who had just sat down, that this was an assembly without precedent in their annals; and he could not but consider that it was at once a soothing and elevating spectacle to behold the citizens of this great city, solemnly marshalled under their Chief Magistrate, and graced by the presence of the first Noblemen of the land, proud to take part on the occasion—by many of the Reverend Clergy and Judges of the land, all leaving their occupations, not to maintain their own rights, or to advance any interests of their own, but conspiring to do honour to the memory of a private man—a genius who honoured them by living among them the greater part of his life—(Cheers.) His name would reflect lustre on their country and city, and on distant generations and foreign climes—(Loud cheering.) He sympathised most fully in the sentiments so eloquently expressed by the Noble Earl beside him, and it must be gratifying to all right-thinking men, that among other peculiarities which distinguished the present assembly, was the contrast it presented to most other public meetings, as it consisted of persons of all shades and opinions, personal and political, agreeing to throw aside all causes of dissension, and to testify their common respects to one who, while he existed, was their common pride and common benefactor—(Cheers.) No one could more rejoice than he did at those approximations and re-unions of cultivated minds. In times especially when causes of dissension were abroad, it was delightful to find them coming, as it were to the temple of the Deity himself, in approaching the grave of a great man, and casting aside every feeling which could mar the common brotherhood in which they were born; and which were but too apt, in the turmoil and differences arising through life, to be too often forgotten. The resolution he had the honour to propose had for its object an expression of the opinion of the meeting, that some memorial should be erected or produced in this city to commemorate the respect which his contemporaries felt for the great man they had lost—to indicate to posterity their sense of these merits and talents which were not likely otherwise to be forgotten.—(Cheers.) It might appear vain and idle to erect a monument, or commemorate by any act of theirs the fame or memory of a person, who in his own works had raised for himself a more imperishable monument, and whose fame and honoured name would outlive all other memorials. But it was natural to seek to express their feelings, and duly considered it was neither idle nor unnecessary. It was natural and right to seek to remind themselves of the gratitude they owed to great men, and to remind others of the merits they possessed, and the honour and respect which they deservedly acquired. It was not useless in a great community, that some visible and conspicuous memorial should exist of those great virtues and talents, of which the example could not be too frequently recalled to memory. In the ordinary, and necessary but vulgar pursuits of daily life, it was certainly of infinite advantage to have something set before their eyes, to recall their thoughts from the low passions and vehement and uncharitable emotions which accompanied the best of them, to a higher and more powerful source of intellectual enjoyment. He believed that it not only tended to

refresh and encourage the higher and lofty spirit, weakened and degraded by the drudgery to which they were doomed, to nobler objects of ambition, to which they might not otherwise have aspired. He conceived, therefore, that honours paid to the memory of great men tended to recall their merits, and such tributes paid to public worth were the most effectual means of exciting others to emulate that worth. Meetings like this were not, he felt, either idle or useless. A decided advantage was derived by rendering honour to public benefactors; and to no man was that appellation more justly due than to the illustrious individual to whose memory they were now called upon to do honour—(Cheers.) If Sir Walter Scott could only be regarded, as he truly might, as having given a larger amount of pleasure and gratification—of innocent pleasure and delight, no repentance followed after which, than any other individual on record, he would be fully entitled to all their praises. But these were not his only titles to their respect and homage. Pleasure in that way could never be given alone; and certainly Sir Walter Scott afforded not merely amusement and gratification to his numerous, or rather innumerable, readers, but he was the great instructor, the great intellectual teacher, the great master and practical enforcer of the highest doctrines of morality—(Loud cheering.) No individual had contributed so largely to diffuse just and exact notions of the important features of the history of his country and of the world than Sir Walter Scott—not only in the particular charm and beauty which he threw around them; but he had given a real verification and commentary on the great historical truths which many more careless individuals would have shrunk from, and which the most diligent student, or useful and honest expositor, will seek for in vain in the more dull pages of the authentic historian—(Cheers.) He had not only supplied the living characters of illustrious individuals, long since dead, but had given a colouring and character to the events, and a vivid picture of the manners, of past life. He had supplied what might be inferred by intelligence or imagination; but what could not be seen or learned from the mere records, and graver pages of the purified, but not more true or authentic historian—(Cheers.) He had not only extended the range of historical knowledge, but enlarged the boundaries of information. In the course of his works he was a great moral teacher. In every one of his works he was always on the side of right principles, of just feelings, of humane and generous sentiments, without the cant of sensibility or great exaggeration—(Cheers.) He (the Lord Advocate) agreed with the Noble Earl, that without indulging in improbable romance, Sir Walter Scott presented a most animated picture of human life and character—colouring the whole with the spirit of sound sense and good judgment—(Cheers.) In his views of human life, while many others departed from probabilities, in order to give relief or colouring to the picture, Sir W. Scott's delineations were marked by manly sense—and by a sound perception that to give a real resemblance did not require a departure from the ordinary standards of human nature, observable in the actual details of daily life. In every part of his writings, he disclaimed all extreme and vehement opinions. He sought to gain credit by describing the humbler and more substantial virtues of kindness, humanity and generosity, rather than the more splendid distinctions of fortune or station in society—(Cheers.) He (the Lord Advo

cate) had the fortune, he would not call it the misfortune; not to be entirely at one with him in political opinions; therefore he could with the less impropriety state, that though in his political writings his biases were observable, no man who belonged to a party could be a fairer or more generous partizan—(Cheers.) If Sir Walter Scott was a greater lover of legitimacy and of Kings than some of them, that did not withhold him from giving a just picture of the imbecilities of King James VI., or the levities and immoralities of Charles II. Though he did not like the Levellers and Roundheads, he did not refuse to give a first place to the Roundhead Morton, even to the prejudice of his favourite Dundee—(Great cheering.) He was just to all parties. Looking at this country, the seat of contending and rival parties, whose generous rivalry kept the vessel of the State steady, and prevented a shipwreck, it was delightful to see that Royalist and Republican, Roundhead, and High-churchman, if possessed of genius and virtue, commanded the respect of their political or religious opponents; and that no generous man refused them his admiration—(Cheers.) He would only say that he had just seen with some surprise—he would not say with pain—an insinuation that this great man, though the author of many works of fancy and fiction, was deficient in originality, because he had drawn the materials for his delineations of human nature from the ancient records of Scotland. Shakspeare, too, wrote historical plays; and the germs of some characters and plots were found in obscure novels; yet was there any man who ever denied to his mighty genius the attribute of originality?—(Cheers.) It was true that Sir Walter Scott copied from history; but the colouring of his characters were the produce of his own original invention. In the stories from which they were drawn, he found them mere skeletons. He had given to them life, and motion, and colouring, and warmth, and interest; and was there no creative power in making these dry bones live—(Great cheering.) He had cast his eye on a newspaper this morning, in which he had met with an article which had led him to introduce these transient remarks. He would now leave the subject, and end by stating, that he thought if there was any man who had deserved a public monument, and a public testimony from the city and country in which he lived, and of which he had been so long the ornament and light, it must be allowed by universal acclamation that Sir Walter Scott was that man—(Great cheering.) Every individual must feel ashamed, if, when the curious and liberal stranger visited our city, he was not able to point out to him a memorial of the greatest genius which his country had ever produced. His Lordship concluded by reading the second resolution, as follows:—

“That this meeting, in accordance with what they believe to be the general wish and hope of his countrymen, are of opinion that a Public Memorial should be erected in the metropolis of Scotland to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott, on a scale worthy of his great name, and fitted to convey to future times an adequate testimony of the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries.”

Professor Wilson was loudly cheered in rising to second this resolution. He said, that, after the many just and noble sentiments which had been so eloquently expressed already, by men distinguished by rank and genius, and which had carried along with them the sympathies of this great assembly, it would be

worse than useless were he to endeavour to add to the effect produced in the souls of all present. A few words he must say, but these would be the words of sincerity and truth. Honoured he did feel in being permitted to express these few words. He was entitled to do so by the same title of them all—that of admiration and reverence for the illustrious dead—(Cheers.)—by the kindly feelings which had accompanied his intercourse with him through life, and also by the sacred tie of friendship which he cherished for all those who were nearest and dearest to him—(Great cheering.) A year, alas! had not elapsed, since Sir Walter Scott left his native shores, in the hope, faint perhaps, that he might be restored to health which had been long gradually declining—and no ship had ever left our shores with a richer freightage of earnest prayers for his return. He returned; but it was not long when a melancholy rumour saddened the land, that he was only to be permitted to be among us for a short period. It was felt that a great power was about to depart. It was felt that from the dome and palace of the soul, its great inhabitant was about to depart for ever. We were then stricken with a peculiar sorrow for the approaching loss of our compatriot, dearest to our souls. That great and generous country, too, with which we have been long running a race of generous rivalry, England, felt the same depth of sorrow of heart at the loss which human nature was about to sustain. The mighty heart of London bent with sorrow at the anticipated doom, and feared the sad event; but there was a prevailing hope entertained that his sacred remains might be interred in some of their great Minsters or Abbeys—that his bones might repose in St Paul's or Westminster with those of their mighty dead—and if such a funeral had been ordered,

Never to their chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundations, came a nobler guest.

But it was right that his dust should be mingled with the sacred dust of his father-land; and more affecting to his mind than any public funeral pomp was the silent funeral in the sacred shade of Dryburgh Abbey—attended by his own weeping family, by those of his friends who had been able to do honour to the occasion, and by the servants of his household, who loved their grey-haired master, and were happy in that light which, when shed abroad, illumined all the nations of the world—(Great cheering.) Many monuments would be erected to this great man. But here, in his own romantic town, where he spent almost all his glorious life—here, in the heart of Scotland, such a monument should be erected as would tell to after ages the honour and reverence in which he was held by his nation—(Cheers.) It was true such a memorial would not prolong his memory; but it would express their gratitude, and be an act of reverence which would tell posterity that his contemporaries were not insensible to the glory of the foremost man of all the world—(Cheers.) It was right that a monument should be erected here, that the genius of others might kindle when they saw the light of the rising and setting sun smite the top of the pillar; and that it might excite them to similar deeds of immortal fame. The scythe of time would sweep down all such monuments, but he had a mightier monument in the mountains of his native land—(Great cheering.) Dr Cantor said, it might seem presumptuous in him to attempt

to address such a meeting; but the only apology he could make was that he was a foreigner, and as such he was convinced that they would indulge him. The same high feeling of unbounded admiration was entertained among his countrymen of Germany towards Sir Walter Scott. Genius belonged to no country, nor age, nor creed. From pole to pole, from east to west, wherever it shed its blessed light, there would the loss of Sir Walter Scott be mourned—(Cheers)—and nowhere would it be more deeply felt than in Germany. There his works, both in the original and in numerous translations, were in the hands, he might say—the hearts, of every one; and the Germans had reason to be proud, that the first literary efforts of Sir Walter Scott were devoted to that of their country, at which time he imbibed that love of romance which first induced him to become the minstrel of his native country. Genius was the true King of the earth, the only Sovereign Monarch of the world. A tyrant might force him to bend his body, but his spirit he could not move an inch—(Cheers.) The master-mind of the Author of Waverley would ever command universal admiration; for whether they considered the splendour of his conceptions, the surpassing beauty of his style, or the number of his works, they were struck with wonder at those powers of mind, which, in the short period of a man's life, could have accomplished so much. How great, then, and how just their grief, when they found that his lyre was now tuneless; that the hand which wielded his pen was stiff and powerless—and that the mighty heart which inspired them, which lightened the world, and was the pride of his country, lay cold in death and stilled for ever—(Cheers.) But though dead, the name of Sir Walter Scott would be remembered to the latest ages—generations would flourish and pass away;—monuments, even that about to be erected to his memory, would fall into ruins—but his name would go down to the latest generation—the monument he had erected for himself would be imperishable—(Cheers.) The times were happily passing by when monuments would be erected to Cæsars, Alexanders, or Napoleons—when they would only be erected to those who had benefited, and not to those who had destroyed mankind—(Cheers.) On one point all were agreed,—that Sir Walter Scott was the greatest benefactor to his country it ever produced.—the greatest luminary that had ever brightened the horizon of this or any other age—(Cheers.) Dr C. concluded by suggesting, that the Committee should appoint agents to promote the objects of the meeting in the different capitals of the Continent, particularly in those of Germany; for he was sure his countrymen would be proud to be allowed to participate in the honour—for it was an honour to contribute to any monument to be erected in Edinburgh—(Cheers.)

The Lord Provost said, the suggestion of Dr Cantor would be considered by the Committee.

The sum subscribed at the close of the meeting amounted to about £1100, and from 24 subscribers.









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